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Independent Republic Quarterly, 1981, Vol. 15, No. 2

Horry County Historical Society

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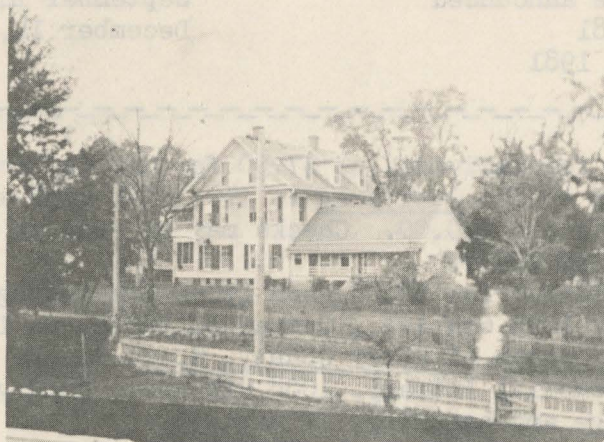
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No. 2



Snowhill Front View



Snowhill Rear View

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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet on
Spring Tour Little River
date to be announced
July 13, 1981
October 12, 1981

The Board of Directors will meet on
June 8, 1981
September 14, 1981
December 14, 1981

Dues: \$5.00 annually for individuals; \$7.50 for married couples and \$3.00 for students. One subscription to the Quarterly is free with each membership. If a couple desires two copies, the dues are \$10.00. Checks may be sent to F. A. Green, 402 43d Avenue North, Myrtle Beach SC 29577.

Back issues may be obtained for \$2.00 each (plus 50¢ postage and handling each) from Miss Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Ave., Conway SC 29526, as long as they are in print. Copies of the 1880 Census of Horry County, S. C. may be obtained from Miss or from the Horry County Memorial Library, 1008 5th Ave., Conway SC 29526. The price is \$5.00 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling, if mailed).

Materials for the Quarterly may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 Fifth Ave., Conway SC 29526.

ANNUAL HCHS TOUR POSTPONED UNTIL FALL!

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THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members:

Several important events have taken place in our county since the last meeting.

I am sure we were all thrilled at the dedication of our Museum. Much time and work has been done to make this dream come true. The efforts of each one who participated in any way are deeply appreciated in making this a "landmark" in the history of our county.

We are also grateful to Coastal Carolina College for the inspiring and colorful Reenactment of the Battle of Snow Island. Dr. Lumpkin's address, in this historical setting, was most effective.

Tuesday night, March 24th, several of our members attended a meeting in Murrells Inlet relative to the building of a marina at Smith's Landing. There was a good deal of controversy and it is hoped that the beauty of this beloved area can be preserved. It has been determined that the marina as proposed will have an adverse impact on the Murrells Inlet Historic District, a property eligible for inclusion in the National Register of Historic Places.

These events show that progress is being made to forward our preservation efforts which have scriptural background - "Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set."

I attended the South Carolina Historical Society in Charleston recently. One of the highlights was a tour of the old Charleston City Hall and several of the old banks and commercial buildings.

Our Spring Tour is being changed to a Fall Tour in October. The change was necessary because of several local events in this area. Also, due to this being a resort area, people are busy preparing for the summer season. Miss Louise Stone has consented to be chairman and is looking forward to having us in October. We plan to have a speaker from the State Archives at our April meeting.

The Editorial Staff is to be commended on their continued efforts to get out interesting publications. Please support them by supplying them with material.

I hope you are taking advantage of the History Course at Coastal Carolina College on Tuesday nights, at 6:30. Dr. Charles Joyner is giving this course.

Your continued cooperation is appreciated and needed. As we approach the Easter time, may we feel a surge of pride in the things we have accomplished and be inspired to project our spiritual values into the future to serve our God, our beloved Country, and Community.

Sincerely,

Bill

William H. Long, President

MEMOIRS OF ELLEN COOPER JOHNSON

Completed on the 11th Day of December, 1924, in Her 80th Year

My great-grandfather was named John Cooper, and came from Dorchestershire, England, to Virginia, and died there. After his death, his two sons came to South Carolina and settled in Horry County near Cool Springs. My grandfather, Ezekiel Cooper, son of John Cooper, married Miss Martha Magby. They had five children: Ezekiel, Timothy, Noah, John, and William. Noah and John died; Ezekiel Cooper (my grandfather) was born in 1761, and died in 1828, serving as a patriotic soldier in the army of the Revolution, fighting for American Independence from Great Britain. He was a farmer and a Methodist preacher. William Cooper was the only brother of my father that I ever saw. My father was Timothy Cooper, and married Miss Harriett Beaty of Conway.

My other great-grandfather, John Beaty I, was born in Belfast, Ireland, came to this country, was married in Charleston to Miss Johanna Mansfield, who had come to this country from England. I do not know of any of the family except my grandfather, John Beaty II. I do not know when he came to Conway, or the date of his marriage to my grandmother, Miss Mary Prince of Horry. They lived on the old Dr. Norton lot, as it is known now [5th Ave. between Laurel and Elm]. On this lot was built the first jail ever built in Conway. There was also an old-fashioned two-story house on the lot, and this was the home of my grandfather John Beaty. It was customary at that time for the sheriff to live in, or near, the jail, and he was the sheriff of Horry County. He had a large family--three sons and five daughters. He lived and died in Conway and was buried in the Kingston Lake cemetery.

My father, Timothy Cooper, was born in Horry County, married Miss Harriett Beaty of Conway, and after their marriage, lived on their plantation on the Dog Bluff Road. My father's home was a very pleasant place. He was a good Christian and a highly esteemed citizen. He and my mother were strict members of the Methodist Church, and their home was known as the stopping place for traveling ministers when passing from Marion to the sea on the other side of the Waccamaw River, which was called "All Saints Parish". The circuits for the ministers at that time were very large, and they had to stop at different churches to fill appointments. This would take them about two days from Marion to the sea. The ministers generally rode horseback, carrying their saddle bags with books, thrown across the horse's backs, or they would ride in a high-seated buggy called a "sulkey". We had preaching every two weeks, and Sunday School and prayer meeting every Sunday.

I have heard some remarks of late that Conway was settled by rough, coarse people. This is a mistake. These early settlers, as I know, were well-educated and labored hard to build up their little village. There were only a few brick buildings--I have heard my father say that the second jail (present city hall) [Actually the jail, which no longer stands, was located in the same block but closer to the river than the city hall.--Ed.] was built of bricks brought over from England. Many of these old families were very wealthy. Many of them were large slave owners. They had no means of transportation but the river. Timber was hauled to the landings, rafted and sent down the river to Bucksville to be sawed into lumber for building homes in Conway. No large vessels came to Conway in those days--occasionally a schooner. Small craft, boats, and flats were kept at the landing. These flats were used in later years to carry resin and turpentine down as far as Potts Bluff where it was put on a schooner to be shipped to New York. In returning, these flats would bring back the cargo sent to Conway to the merchants. Sometimes their freight was brought in wagons. They brought rice from the rice mills on the Waccamaw, and many other things which were needed. The first

Editor's note: Portions of these memoirs have appeared in IRQ previously, but we feel it would be useful to have them in their entirety.

vessel which went from our landing was called "The Church Perkins", being named after the man who had a big turpentine business in Horry County. I remember seeing this vessel launched at the old ship-yard and leave on its first trip, but it never returned. There was some trouble in passing some place in the river--the vessel being too large. I do not know what became of it, but heard it was sold to other parties in New York.

Conway was not lacking its educational facilities. From its earliest history, it had times of private and public schools which were well attended by scholars from different parts of the county, and which were taught by the best teachers. We had several very fine lady teachers from the North. However it was not until 1880 did we have a continuous school to run successfully. At this date, Mr. F. G. Burroughs purchased the lot from Mr. C. L. Johnson for the building of this first Burroughs School house, and donated the ground and the building to the village.

The first steamboat which ran on the Waccamaw River from Conway to Georgetown was the "Juniper". This was brought from Wilmington, N. C., and continued in use until the "Maggie" was built. Capt. Williams was captain of this boat. Later the "Ruth" was built, and Capt. Williams took her over, and last, the "Burroughs". These boats were built by Burroughs & Collins Co. and were used on the Waccamaw for many years.

Conway had no railroad until 1887. This road was built by W. H. Chadbourn from the town of Chadbourn to Conway. Later on, this road was extended to Myrtle Beach by Burroughs & Collins, and was used for hauling freight.

On Elm Street were no buildings until we come to the "Gully". Here the Dog Bluff Road and the Playcard Road met. Between these two roads stood the store of F. G. Burroughs & Singleton. This was before the Civil War. Later it was Burroughs & Gurganus, and later, Burroughs & Collins. It was a general merchandizing business and was the largest of its kind in the state. There was a turpentine still near the Gully Store, and on the corner opposite, was a work shop and blacksmith shop.

Before the Civil War, we had our mail twice a week. The mail coach left Conway for Fair Bluff on Monday morning, returning on Tuesday. It left again on Thursday, returning Friday. The mail was then sent from Conway to different post offices in the county. It was not until the railroad was built, that we had a daily mail.

Seventy-five years ago Conway was a quiet little village with one church and a parsonage, one hotel, which was kept by Mrs. Jane Norman. The only brick buildings were the court house (city hall) and the jail and one small school house which was used for years. Later the old academy was built. One paper was printed in Conway, the "Horry Dispatch". Thomas W. Beaty was the editor. During the Civil War the name was changed to "The Horry Sentinel". It was later changed to "The Telephone", "The Independent Republic". After the war T. W. Beaty returned home and was editor of the paper from 1875 to 1885. In 1908 it was re-named the "Field", editor E. J. Sherwood.

The oldest Methodist Church was built 1 1/2 miles on the Georgetown highway. The first Methodist Church in Conway was built in 1834. It was built by northern carpenters. Timbers were brought to this landing and rafted to Bucksville to be sawed into lumber to build the Church and parsonage. It was called at that time the "Waccamaw Church", but was in the record as the "Conwayboro Church, Waccamaw Circuit". The parsonage was built in 1842 on the corner of Main and Fifth (the Frank Burroughs home) [Peoples Savings and Loan now occupies this site.--Ed.]. Before this church was built, Bishop Asbury preached in the Episcopal Church which stood where the present Presbyterian Church now stands. My mother joined the church there, there being no Methodist Church in Conwayboro at that time. After this first Methodist Church was built, they wanted a bell for it. The first church bell that rang in Conway was given by Mrs. Charlotte Congdon, daughter of Aunt Jane Norman. This bell tolled for her, the first one.

The first Presbyterian Church was begun in January 1858 on the site of the old Episcopal Church which was standing before the Revolutionary War. There was some objection to the choice of this site as Aunt Jane Norman had donated that lot for the building of the old Episcopal Church. This lot was the corner of her square. The Presbyterian Church was built there anyway and was called the Kingston Church from the

name of the lake on which it stands. It was dedicated on Nov. 27, 1858, by the Rev. J. R. English, and on May 30th was opened for service. I heard the first sermon preached there. The bell which now hangs in this church has quite a history. When the Church was finished, money was raised to purchase a bell. This was bought through a commission merchant in New York. The bell was then shipped by him to Conway by a schooner which was lost at sea. As there was no insurance on the bell, the loss fell on the people of Conway who had raised the money. Complaint was made to the commissioner for his carelessness in not insuring the bell, so he headed another subscription list for another bell to be bought. The second bell was purchased and shipped again on a schooner, and was insured. This was very well, too, for this schooner went to the bottom of the sea with its cargo. To recover the loss to some extent, the underwriters sent a wrecker and raised a portion of the cargo, including the bell, which was re-shipped in good condition, and at last it came to Conway. This same bell is now in use in the Presbyterian Church at this time (1923).

On Main Street, opposite the Methodist Church, was once the home of Thomas W. Beaty, my first cousin. He built this home which is still standing [428 Kingston St.]. In early days this was called "The Oaks". With its extensive lawns, it was the scene of public speaking, May Parties, and many big dinners. Speakers from great distances were invited here. They would be met at Marion or Fair Bluff (the nearest railroad stations) by a servant and carriage, and brought to Conway. This would take two days to come and go. These were no small affairs--tables must be fixed beneath the oaks, and the tables bountifully furnished with everything needed, and plenty of it. On these occasions the Georgetown band would be present. These dinners were given by everyone in the county who were able to help, as well as the town folks, and the dinners were free to all. These were big days for Conway, especially in election times. The band would play, and there would be marching and speaking. After this, the dinner. Cakes, ice-cream, and iced lemonade were plentiful. The lemonade was served from casks. We had no ice plant then, but ice was ordered from other places.

I remember the first May Party that I attended. It was held here on that lawn. Two long tables were placed in the yard and were loaded with food. All the children from all the schools in the county were invited. We all met at the old Academy, and our teacher, Prof. James Mahoney and the trustees led the parade. We marched from the Academy down Beaty Street. Col. Beaty was one of the head men of the school, and had been quite sick and was not able to march with us, but wished to see us as we passed. He was put in a chair and carried by his two servants to the front where he could see us pass his home. We were ordered to stop there and sing a pretty piece for him. He enjoyed this very much, and waved his hand and said a few words as we passed by. When the parade reached Beaty Square, the small children were in front with their pretty little baskets of flowers which were to be scattered on the ground before the throne. This throne stood under the oaks and was decorated with evergreens and flowers. In the middle of the throne, hanging over the place where the queen and her maids stood, was a large wreath of flowers. When the children approached the throne, they scattered flowers for the queen and her maids to walk upon. Two Heralds repeated a beautiful poem of welcome to the Queen of May. I was one of the Maids of Honor, and was the Crown-bearer. I presented the crown to the crowner, Lottie Anderson, who spoke a few words, and placed the crown on the head of the Queen who was Fanny Mahoney. We all then sang "Hail, Queen of May". There then was music and speeches, then dinner. The children were served first. In the afternoon, we had music and games on the lawn.

My cousin, Thomas Beaty, was a big-hearted, useful man. He did much for the town of Conway. He held several offices, and before the Civil War was one of the largest business men in the county. He and Mr. J. R. Cooper had a turpentine business at Homewood; another at Cool Springs with my brother-in-law, Mr. Barnhill. Thomas Beaty was one of the first to answer the call for volunteers when the Civil War broke out. He left his businesses and Horry County, for Virginia, where he was first Lieutenant in

Company L, 7th S. C. Regiment, of Capt. Litchfield's Company. This Company was in the first battle of Manassas and also in the second. Thomas Beaty served throughout the war.

Aunt Jane Norman ran the hotel in Conway. This hotel stood where Burroughs & Collins is now located. Aunt Jane owned a big block of property. She was the daughter of John Beaty, Sr., and was one of the foremost leaders of this town. The hotel was no fine brick building, but a large two-story old fashioned wooden building with long upper and lower porches and many comfortable rooms. It was furnished with beautiful furniture, carpets, fine large paintings on the walls. Most of these furnishings were shipped over from England. Many northern visitors spent their winters here. It was a place for travelers from distances, and she was known far and near as "Aunt Norman". She was very strict with the affairs of her hotel. The doors must be closed for the night not later than twelve, and no one was admitted after this hour unless it was a necessity. Her boarders understood this rule, and abided by it. She was noted for her good management and her good table. Many years ago when the old Episcopal Church was torn away, she had one of the seats taken to the hotel and placed on her porch. This was kept in memory of the old Episcopal Church, as there was then no other church in Conway. This old bench was kept there as long as she lived. The following relates to this bench:

A few days ago I visited the old residence of Mrs. F. N. Buck, and in strolling around the premises I came to the old bench that was once the pew in the Kingston Church occupied by Gen. Conway. As I sat on the bench I thought of its history as I had learned from my parents and older members of the family in connection with what came within their own knowledge. This is the story:

Anterior to American Independence, as all know, this country was governed by George III of England and was sub-divided into local jurisdictions called Parishes. Each Parish contained at least one church and was maintained by the public revenue. The Church in Kingston Parish was located on Kingston Lake about fifty yards from the place now occupied by the Presbyterian Church.

During the Revolutionary War, Rev. B. Holt was Rector of this church. When the war closed and the British were driven from our soil, the old Church was abandoned until the first Methodist preacher came along. Bishop Asbery, passing through this place, preached in this old unfinished church. Gen. Conway, who was not a citizen of this place until after the war, and who was a communicant of the Episcopal Church, claimed a seat in the old Church, there being probably no other place of worship nearer than Georgetown. The old Church was blown down by a storm. But before the Church was thus destroyed, Gen. Conway had removed the bench from the Church to his front piazza where he kept it for the convenience of a lounge. After marrying a second wife, he moved to Georgetown, leaving his favorite bench behind. His first wife was my sister, Rebecca Beaty.

Joshue Norman, my sister Jane's husband, with the instincts of a relic hunter, and desirous of getting all he could, took the old bench and put it on his front piazza on which all the Norman family had the pleasure of lounging as they were growing up. It remained in the Norman family until 1882, when Mrs. Buck moved her mother, Mrs. Norman, she carried the old bench and placed it on the banks of Waccamaw in front of her house where it is exposed to the inclemency of the weather. It has survived its associates and stands a monument to the past. (This is a copy of a letter written by my mother, Mrs. Harriett Beaty Cooper, and is not dated.)

Aunt Norman's son, Dr. J. H. Norman, was in training at the Citadel when the Civil War broke out. He made up the first company which went to war from Horry County: "Brooks Guard". This company which went to war was organized in Conwayboro just before the state seceded, and was named in honor of ex-United States Senator Brooks of South Carolina, who

caned Senator Charles Sumner of Mass. for an insulting remark in the United States Senate reflecting on his native state of South Carolina. Brooks Guards were ordered first to Georgetown for coast guard duty and were enrolled in 1861, as Company B of the 10th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. Dr. Norman was the first Captain of Brooks Rifle Guards. In the spring of 1862, they were ordered to join the western army, then commanded by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson. They later served under Gen. Bragg, and later under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson. Franklin G. Burroughs was one of the first in this guard to enlist, and served with them until his capture in the battle of Nashville in Tennessee.

My two brothers, Thomas Aiken Cooper, and Louis S. Cooper both entered the war on June 24, 1861. Louis was sixteen years old. My older brother John Cooper was a member of the Wallace Horse. Thomas was a 1st Lt. in Company L, 7th South Carolina Regiment, and was killed in the Battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia. He fought under Gen. Longstreet. Louis was in the 1st and 2nd battles of Manassas, was taken prisoner and sent to Elmira, N. Y., and then to North Dakota to the frontier for three years. He returned to Horry.

In the early days, camp meetings were in vogue. The first one held in Horry county was on the camp ground up the lake near Graham's Landing in Burroughs field. The first one that I remember was ehld at the camp ground at Cool Springs. I was then eight or nine years old. I went with my father and mother. A large piece of ground was cleared, and a nice large shelter built in the center of this clearing. This was thickly covered with boughs from the trees, so that it would be cool and shady. The pulpit and seats were made under this shelter. On each side of the camp ground were a row of tents. Every tent was just alike. Across the end of the grounds were two larger tents. These were for the preachers and their families. Each tent had two rooms. Between, was a wide passage with a long table. This was the dining-room with benches on each side. These large tents were owned by well-to-do people who would take as many guests as he could accommodate. No horses or buggies were allowed inside the grounds. Everything was carried on very orderly and quietly. The stands were lighted up at night with lamps on posts. At places around the grounds were stands, the top of each covered with clay or brick, and on each stand was built a lightwood fire at night. This was the way the camp grounds were lighted. Candles and lamps were used in the tents. The place looked pretty at night. Camp meetings were attended by a great many people from other counties. It was a big time, and there was a lot of work and expense.

It was a great day for Conway when General Wade Hampton spoke here during reconstruction times. There were thousands of people here from everywhere. The Georgetown brass band was here. The speaking was held on Mr. Beaty's lawn. The speakers stand was decorated with flowers. Gen. Hampton was escorted to the stand by his friends, while the band played Dixie. After the speaking, he was invited to dinner at "The Oaks", the Beaty home. The people had prepared for this occasion. The long tables were nicely arranged and bountifully furnished, with everything that was needed for big dinners. This was no small affair.

The old Joe Todd house was the headquarters for the Yankee soldiers when they captured Conway in 1865. That was a night to be remembered: Captain Bell's company was called to Conway, also Captain Ervin's of the home guard. These were placed at different places on the river near the present landing where they thought the enemy would land--but instead they landed below the place where the big lumber mill now stands, and came up into town. It seems that this company was to rendezvous, and on the way, Capt. Bell took the other company for Yankees and fired into his company, and mortally wounded his 1st Lieutenant, John R. Beaty, and slightly wounded three other of his men. This was an accident. Our soldiers had to leave Conway as quickly as they could, or be taken prisoners of war. That night the Yankees searched all the houses for our soldiers. John R. Beaty was taken to his family and died two weeks later. This was a sad time for Conway. There were but a few old men left in the town that night. The women and children were very much frightened, but took things as quietly as they could. I have heard Mr. Johnson (my husband) who had just returned home from Virginia wounded, say

that he was the only young man in Conway that night. He sat on the porch of Mr. Beaty's house all night all alone and listened to the Yankees curse and threaten while they searched the town. They came up to him and asked "What are you doing here?" "Ah, Well," they said "You can't hurt us now, so we will not trouble you." They went all over town. They broke down the door and entered the home of Capt. Bell. It frightened his wife, and she asked the Yankee captain for protection. He replied: "We must search this house for your husband." She told him that her husband was not there--that no one was, excepting herself and her small children. He replied: "Very well, Madam, but we are going to search anyway." They did so. Every corner and closet, but did not find him.

The Yankees stayed in Conway three or four months in this same old boarding house which stood on the corner of Third Avenue and Laurel Street.

I love Conway. My father and mother were born here and lived here. I was born near here, and have spent most of my life in this town. In 1869 I was married to Charles L. Johnson. He was born Oct. 15, 1839 in Sanborton, N. H., came to South Carolina in 1860, and entered the Confederate service in June 24, 1861, under Gen. Longstreet in the army of Virginia. He was in the first and second battle of Manassas, and lost his leg in the battle of the Wilderness on May 6, 1864. My mother never forgave him for being from the North, even though he defended the Southern Cause and lost his leg for the Confederacy. She would never call him "Mr. Johnson"--just "Johnson". She was very bitter about the north. After the war, in 1868, Mr. Johnson was appointed auditor for Horry County, having the honor of being the first auditor in this county. He was also Trial Justice from 1870 to 1872. Afterwards he was a merchant in Conway until 1885. At this time we moved to his farm at Board Landing, where we lived for twenty-five years. After his death, I moved back to Conway, where I hope to pass the rest of my days. I will tell you something of our life.

I do not know much about my older brothers' and sisters' school days, as I was only six years old when I was sent to my first school. My first teacher was Silas Sessions, who taught in the oldest school house, which stood on the lot known as the Ellen Housand lot. This was just a small house. Our teacher was a very kind old gentleman. The small children were allowed to go out and rest and play for a short time each day during the school hours, but not more than two children could go out at one time. In an old field near the school was a field of sorrel growing. We all loved to chew it. One day, as it was my turn to go outside, I gathered some sorrel and put it in my apron pocket to give to my little friend who sat beside me. I did not know that I was doing wrong. I sat there, book in hand, studying my lesson, not knowing my teacher had noticed us. He came over and asked what I was chewing. I replied "Nothing." "What is that in your mouth? Don't you know the rules of this school? Give me your hand." Very reluctantly I reached out my hand. He gave me several hard smacks on the palm with his ruler, and told me that the punishment was not for chewing the weed, but for telling a lie. That was a lesson I have never forgotten. This was the first and only whipping I ever had at school.

My next school was taught by an old gentleman named Mr. Presley. His school was at the old camp ground two miles from Conway on the Georgetown road. This was a long walk for me. My brothers Tom and Lewis went to this school too. After this, I was sent to the school in Conway. When I was ten, my sister, Addie, and I went to Mrs. Johanna Hart's school. This was in her own home, and after school she gave lessons in fancy-work, tatting, zephre flowers, embroidery, and how to make wax flowers. These flowers were very expensive, for we had to have an outfit with tools necessary for molding the wax and cutting every petal and leaf. Wax flower making is a thing of the past now.

After this, Addie and I attended school in the old school house on Elm Street. In 1854 the old Academy was built. Mr. James Mahoney was the founder. He was also the pastor of the Methodist Church. I and my sisters, Addie, Laura, and Isa, attended this school from the first, to the last day that it ran. We were now in the tenth grade,

and had stood our examinations, and hoped to be able to go farther with our education, but we did not know what our father would say. It was war time and everything looked very gloomy. Before asking our father, we consulted our teacher, and asked if he thought we would be able to pass our examinations for college, or would we have to go into a preparatory class--if so, we did not care to go. He assured us that we would be able to pass. Mr. McMillan, the new Methodist minister, was the agent for the Spartanburg Female College, and would be glad to have us go, and would take us to Columbia, to meet Prof. Blake. Some time after this, Mr. McMillan went to see my father about our going to college. Father was glad for us to go, but did not feel able to send both, and did not want to send one without the other. We discussed the matter, and decided that if we could borrow the money, enough to pay our tuition, we might both be able to go. We knew that father would do all that he could. He would send us to Marion, and pay our railroad fare to Spartanburg and get our clothes.

Where could we borrow the money--that was the problem! It was war time, and everything was bad. We finally decided we would go visit our sister and her husband, Mr. Barnhill. He had a large turpentine business at Cool Springs, and perhaps he could loan us the money. We went to see Mr. Barnhill and told him about it. He told us to get ready and that he would lend us the money needed. He and sister Lou seemed pleased that we wanted to go on with our studies. We planned to teach when we graduated, and pay this money back.

Now we must get ourselves ready! We had learned to weave, spin, and knit--to do many things during the war, for there was no way to get anything--it had to be made. We did this cheerfully. My mother had two nice dresses bought before the war, these she gave to us, telling us that we could re-model them and they could be our best dresses. The plaid silk she gave to Addie, and the brown serge, to me.

Now we must have at least three nece homespun dresses. The warp and filling for these must be of fine cotton to make pretty cloth, so father brought this from the wagons from Fayetteville, N. C., who came through the county selling black cotton for weaving. We did not know how to put it in the loom, but Mother knew. She set up the looms for us, and Addie and I wove the cloth to make our dresses. Each one was woven in different colors. It took eight yards for each dress. It did not take us long to weave this cloth--we could do two yards a day, but this was according to the number of threads. Some ladies could weave as much as five or six yards a day. When the cloth was woven, we made our dresses! These were made with a blouse waist and plain skirts. with trimmed collar and cuffs. Now we must have hats and a cloak, or cape. Both were worn then, but it would take more cloth for a long cape than a cloak, so we chose the latter. These were made from a piece of nice grey cloth which my mother had purchased before the war. Now we must have buttons! We had no button molds, so we cut pasteboard molds and covered them with black silk, then sewed on black jet beads, for we had learned to do many things during the war. They were so pretty. We made many things from materials left over from better days.

My father had Mr. Bill Abrahams make our shoes--two pairs for each of us. These were high-top shoes and very nice. Now that our dresses were finished, we must have hats. Thses were made of strips of palmetto. We had learned to make these. Palmetto braids were made by stripping the palmetto into small strips, and braiding them into hats. The braids were very smooth and white. We could buy palmettos in Conway at ten cents a bunch. Two bunches would make each of us a sailor hat. We also made a small toque each. They were much in style in those days. We made these from pieces of silk and ribbon left over from other days. We had our little black silk mitts of better times, and my little jacket of last summer could not be forgotten. A few more things, and our small wardrobe would be complete.

We were now ready. Our trunks were packed and waiting fro Mr. McMillan and the girls who were going with us. This was in February, and it was very cold and snowy. There were five of us to go--Miss Kate Stalvey, Miss Mary Willard, Miss Callie Malloy, Addie and I.

We went in an open buggy to Marion, and though we were well wrapped, it was a bitter cold ride. About sundown, we reached Marion, and went to the hotel kept by Mr. Cicero McMillan, where we spent the night. The next morning early, we took the train for Columbia. None of us, except Miss Kate, had ever seen, or been on a train before. We left at eight o'clock.

When we arrived in Columbia, Mr. McMillan took us to a hotel where we could rest, and later in the afternoon, he took us out for a walk. He was very kind, and tried to make it as pleasant as he could. About this time I was very homesick. I did not care to see anything more. Oh, what I would have given to have been sitting by the old fireplace at home with mother that night! But it was too late to make a change. I must go on! The thought of the examination--how could I stand it? I could not bear the thought of failing after having worked so hard to come. Sister Addie and the other girls were home-sick too, but they would not acknowledge it. Miss Kate would laugh, and tell us that we would feel better after a while. There was nothing to do but to go to sleep and dream of that examination. I soon fell asleep, and the next morning I felt some better, until Mr. McMillan called to bid us good-bye. I felt that my last friend was leaving. This was on Friday. On Saturday morning, Prof. Blake would call for us to take us on to Spartanburg.

Prof. Blake arrived, and we were soon on our way. Arriving in Spartanburg, we found everything covered with snow. We were taken to our room on the third floor. It was a large comfortable room with two beds and a good fireplace, but not much fire in it, and the weather was so very cold. Sunday we were allowed to rest. It was too cold, and the snow was so deep that we could not go to church, so we stayed in our rooms to prepare ourselves for the examination.

Monday morning at eight o'clock we were called to the study hall. There were several girls there waiting. However it did not take very long before we were through with this ordeal; the girls from Conway all passed, and all, with the exception of Miss Kate Stalvey, were put in the Junior Class. She went to the Senior Class. She had attended school there two years before, and was the oldest one of the girls from home.

Later we were directed to a second study hall where we would find our teacher, Mr. Sturdevant. He was very strict, and not so much liked by some of the class. We soon made many friends, and found it more pleasant than we had expected.

During this year after classes were over, we were allowed to go outside anywhere on the campus and sit down on the lawn. This was a pleasure, for it was very quiet and nice. We were not allowed to go outside of the campus at any time, unless accompanied by some of the teachers. We could not receive any company except members of our families. We had no time for anything but our studies, and this was what we must do; study hard, as we could only be here for one year, so we must not spend any time in idleness. The year soon passed. One session over. One more, and we would go home to stay. We did not think that we would be able to go any further with our education, but we had made very good marks, and had passed a good examination.

A few days before our final examination, Prof. Blake told the girls that he was going to give them a nice trip to Cedar Springs to attend the examinations of the deaf and dumb and blind at the school there. He hoped that all the girls who could, would go. The teachers Mr. and Mrs. Alderman, Mrs. Blake, and Mr. Sturdevant, and Prof. Blake were all going. We must be ready at eight o'clock the next morning. Cedar Springs School being only a few miles from Spartanburg, we soon arrived. Mr. Walker, the superintendent, met us, and took us into the auditorium where the deaf and dumb students were waiting. These were all young ladies. They seemed to be very cheerful; laughing and talking in their own way. Mr. and Mrs. Walker stood near this class, asking them their questions, and they would answer very quickly with their hands, while we could not understand anything of it. Mr. Walker would then repeat the answers that they had given him, so that we could understand. It was very interesting, especially their arithmetic. Their examples were put on the blackboard and it was wonderful how they could do them so quickly, and give the rules in their own way.

After this, we were taken to another room where the blind were examined. This was sad to see them reading, passing their hands over books of raised letters. They read very well, but slowly. Their arithmetic was tedious, but correct. This was done with raised figures on tiny little blocks. They would take these blocks and place them where they should be, and then repeat the rules. How they learned so well when they could not see! All the beautiful things in this world were darkness to them, and yet they were cheerful in their affliction.

We were now taken to the music room where the blind children (all little girls) were to sing for us. Their music teacher was blind also. She sang with them. A little girl sat at a piano, and the children sang "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean, and this beautiful land." This was perfectly beautiful. This ended our trip to Cedar Springs in 1863.

A few days later we were on our way home. We spent the night in Columbia, and the next morning we came on to Marion, where we found Mr. Barnhill, my brother-in-law, waiting for us to take us to his home in Cool Springs where we spent the night with our sister, Lou. The next day we came back to Conwayboro.

After our return home, each of us took a school to teach. My first school was at Little River--this was a private school in the home of Mr. W. I. Gore, who before the war was the largest merchant in Little River. He offered me \$30.00 a month and board, and of course I accepted his offer and was very glad. This was a pleasant home, and I considered myself very fortunate in getting this school. Sister Addie adventured in her first school at Cool Springs. Her next school was at Homewood.

When I finished my school at Little River, I taught at Cool Springs, staying with my sister, Mrs. Barnhill, while her husband was fighting in Virginia. This being the last days of the Civil War in 1865. I was there while the raiding was going on.

There were two raids at Cool Springs. The raiders were deserters from our own army who would lie in the woods and would rather steal from defenseless families than work or fight for their state.

There were no white families living at the Barnhills at that time, besides my sister's family, except one old man and his daughter who lived a short distance near the still-yard. Our nearest neighbor lived a mile or more away. Some of the colored men had run away to join the Yankee army. There were two good old trusty colored men with us. Mr. Barnhill had told them before he left for the war, that if they would stay and carry on the farm and take care of everything while he was away, and kill his hogs (he had sixty fattening) and put up the pork as they had been doing, that they should never suffer for food and clothing. This was satisfactory. They promised to, and did, carry on the work as he had directed.

About this time, our two yard dogs had been shot by the deserters. The barn had been broken open, and also the old store where our cotton was stored. They had taken quite a lot of corn and cotton. They worked silently, and we did not know until the next day what had gone on. It seemed they generally made their raids on Saturday nights, knowing that the hands on the place were always away then.

There were two raids at Cool Springs. For a few days all was quiet. We were afraid to leave the yard. Sometimes we would see men passing with their guns. These men were raiders. The barn stood near the road and they could easily take loads away at night and we would not know it until the next morning.

We decided to move all the corn from the barn. We were to have it shucked and shelled and put in new spirit barrels. These could be taken to the smoke-house, which stood near the dwelling house. We thought perhaps they would not come inside the yard--but why had they killed the dogs? The day after the raid, my father came up to Cool Springs bringing with him Mr. N. A. Dusenbury, Henry Innman, and James Singleton, who were at home on furlough at that time, and were helping while here to hunt deserters. These deserters were said to be camped somewhere in our section. These men spent two or three days around Cool Springs and returned to Conwayboro on Saturday afternoon, having failed to find the raiders. We had been very busy. The colored servants had

worked very hard. Hogs had been killed, many barrels of pork put up. They had hung fifty-nine hams, and had moved several stands of lard. Some things were moved into the house, hoping to save some provisions, if not all. Just one week ago we had had the first raid--when and where the next one would be, we did not know, as there had been many raids in different parts of the county--but the raiders had not been caught. There was a strange woman who passed by Cook Springs every few days--who she was and what her business was, we did not know--but it was thought that she was carrying information or helping the raiders.

Saturday: This had been a terrible week with us. We slept little for fear of being killed or burned out. There was nothing to do but to wait and watch, for we were expecting the deserters every minute. It was a beautiful calm moon-lit night, but how helpless and lonely we felt! The two old faithful servants had gone to visit their families who lived some distance from Cool Springs. About eight o'clock we saw that a fire had been started on the turpentine still-yard. What could we do? Over one thousand barrels of turpentine and resin were on this yard, and it was burning! My sister told me and the colored girl to run and call old man Bart and his daughter, or they would be burned to death. We ran, shouting "Fire, fire!" but no answer. When we got to the yard, we saw them in the shed which stood a few feet from the road. Old man Bart was throwing out new spirit barrels which had been packed there the first year of the war. He told us to roll these barrels some distance down the road where he thought they could be saved, for if the wind rose, everything at Cool Springs would be destroyed. We knew that this fire had been set to draw us away from the house. My sister, with the children and the cook had remained there. We finally rolled the last barrel from the shop--what more could be done?

Old man Bart told us that if we could keep the covers of the still and grits mill wet, we might save them, as they were some distance from the fire. By this time, the fire was spreading, getting higher and higher every minute. There was plenty of water, for by the side of this still was a large tank. In this tank was coiled a large pipe, called the "still-worm" which carried the water into the still. This tank was kept full of water at all times to cover the pipe. I knew that steps went to the top of the tank and the upper floor of the still. If I could reach the top of these steps, my shoulders and arms would be above the edge of the roof. I could stand there and throw water with one hand while holding to a scantling which was nailed to the post, with my other hand. I got up, and with a large tin dipper, I dipped water from the tank and threw it as far as I could up on the smoldering roof. I was wet from head to foot. While I was up there, Miss Celie (old man Bart's daughter) was on top of the mill shed throwing water. The flames were now higher than the tallest pine tree, and seemed to go straight upwards--not a breeze was stirring, for it was a calm, beautiful night--thick black clouds of smoke floated high above us. Fortunately the melting resin ran down the side of the hill, carrying the flames farther from us. The heat was unbearable, but the night was cool, and our clothing was wet. What an awful night! My arms ached. I would stop and rest, and then go back to work again. While Miss Celie and I were at our posts, Old Man Bart was picking up the burning pieces of resin which were falling all around us and starting new fires. We commenced our work about midnight, and we stayed there and worked until day. We then went back to the house and found that my sister and the cook had been up all night watching for the deserters. The fire was still burning--it burned for days afterwards--but the house was not in danger.

Sunday: What a lonely day, and how helpless we felt! I was very hoarse and could not speak above a whisper. My hands and arms were swollen, and pained so that I could not use them for several days. My head ached. I was sick. I could not give up. Sister had all that she could bear, and I must help her all that I could. The danger of the fire was over--but what next?

Right at this time, my sister received a note from our cousin, T. W. Beaty, of Conwayboro, saying "Put everything away that you can, the Yankees are in Georgetown and we are expecting them here at any time." This seemed more than I could bear--I can

never tell how I felt that day--the Yankees on one side, and the raiders on the other--I did not know which was worse.

Some days before this, we had packed a large goods box with the best things that were in the house--a set of nice dishes, a set of cut-glass goblets, and many other nice things that we had, such as clothing, bed spreads, sheets and pillows. We had this box taken to the smoke-house, had some of the floor removed and a large hold dug in the center and the box put down in this hole and buried. We then thought this would be safe. We took one barrel of syrup, one of pork, and one of corn, and buried them in the stalls. We then had the stalls well strawed and the mules turned in. If we could save these barrels, we would not perish for something to eat. This was about one week after the fire.

On Friday night there was another raid! We did not know of it until the next morning. The first thing I saw was a large pile of dirt thrown up on each side of the smoke-house door. I was afraid to go to the smoke-house for fear that the raiders were inside. I called for my sister, Lou, to come, so that we could go in together and see what had been done. There was no one there. A large hole had been dug under the door. It was four or five feet deep, and as wide. We saw many tracks around where they had dragged the box out. Our box was gone! Sister said "What shall we do!" I could not reply. I was speechless. We looked around and found that they had torn down the yard fence and had driven a cart into the yard. They had not broken open the smoke-house for fear of making a noise. By digging under the door, they could enter without being heard. They did not enter above the dirt floor. None of the provisions had been taken--but, oh our box! We had thought that we had hidden it so carefully. Of course we must have been watched by some one. We had noticed that same strange woman, spoken of before, pass by several times. We did not know who she was, or what her business was. She was always alone and always seemed to be in great haste.

This same day, Mr. C. L. Johnson (my future husband) was returning from Virginia wounded, and he stopped at Cool Springs on his way to Conwayboro. He was with us during the next raid.

We knew that the raiders intended to return as they had not taken any provisions. All that we now had was buried in the mule stalls, in the smoke-house, in the dwelling house, and in the kitchen. Which would be entered first, and where would be safest?

While we were planning what to do, an old gentleman called to my sister, Lou, and said "I hear you are in trouble. I have come to help you, if there is anything I can do. I know the raiders are planning another raid--I knew that they are near here and that they know you have provisions, and they are going to have them--they have been watching this place for weeks. It may be soon--I do not know--but if you will trust me I will take some of your corn and meat and put it in my house, and I will promise you that it will not be troubled. They know me. I will kill the first man who enters my house. After this thing is settled I will bring your things back. If you lose everything else, at least you will then have something to eat. I will do everything I can for Mr. Stanley Barnhill's family while he is away.

Who was this old white-headed, long-bearded man? He was a rough talker that I had never seen before, but he had come and had offered his help in time of trouble, and we certainly appreciated his kindness. Sister thanked him, and told him to take what he thought he could take care of. He took three barrels of corn and one of pork, and carried them away. He had been a friend in need. He said that he was a man of his word, and we trusted him. He had come and warned us of our danger, and offered assistance--what more could we do?

I had heard of this same man long years ago, but do not remember ever having seen him. He was once sentenced to be hung in Conwayboro for the murder of his nephew. He and his son were both sentenced to be hung, but the old man got out on bail. He promised the jailor that he would be in Conwayboro on the day appointed for his hanging. Sure enough, he was there--but as he had made his own son kill the nephew, the son was hanged and the old man was not. He saw his own son hang. He was spoken of after this,

as the "man who came to his own hanging". He was a dangerous man--feared by most--This was many years ago, and was the first hanging I ever heard of in Conwayboro, and the only one that I ever saw. My father took me and my little brother with him to see the man hung. The gallows stood where the Baptist Church now stands. It made such an impression that I have never forgotten it. I am now an old lady, but I remember well how it all looked, and I have never wanted to see such a sight again.

Now this was the same old man who was kind to us in our trouble. It is hard to believe that such a man, a murderer, would do a kind deed for anyone. I leave it to others to judge. I hope that poor old man was forgiven. His name was Abe Rabon. He has been dead for many years--killed by his son-in-law, in his old age. However, as he said, he was a man of his word and after the trouble with the deserters was over, he brought back our provisions.

Several days had now passed since the box from the smoke-house had been taken. The next raid was on Sunday night. We had decided to sit up all night. Mr. Johnson said that he would sit on the porch on a bench--it being on a line with the smoke-house door--and if they came in the yard he would see them. He was wounded, and could not walk, but he would do the shooting. When the deserters appeared, he told us that we must sit down in the passage which was between the two front rooms. The children were asleep, and the lights all put out, and all was quiet. He said that if he shot, we were to fall down on the floor, for the deserters would be apt to return his fire, and we might be hit by the rifle balls, for they would come through the walls. My sister and I had our pistols in hand. Mr. Johnson was on the porch, rifle and cartridge box beside him. Sister and I sat down, one on each side of the door to our room, so we could get inside if they came in the house. Here we sat waiting, watching, and listening. It was a dark, rainy night. The hours passed--nine, ten, eleven--about this time we heard a very slight noise, but could not tell where it came from--then silence as before. What a terrible night.

Then the rifle shot! Sister and I fell to the floor and crawled inside the room. The raiders returned the fire again and again. Mr. Johnson kept up his fire. We lay on the floor and a shot from the raiders passed through the room, knocking off the arm of the rocking chair. The little colored nurse-girl who was sleeping on a pallet beside this chair, awakened and screamed. We told her to be quiet. Another shot! This one went through the wardrobe which we had pulled up to the foot of the bed to protect the sleeping children.

I could hear the deserters cursing and swearing that they were going to come inside the house. I got up and ran into the passage, thinking that I might see where they were. I was hoping I might shoot and hit some of them before they forced entry, but it being such a dark night, I could see nothing. I stood there a few minutes when I saw the flare from a rifle, and heard the crash of a ball as it went through the shingles in the top of the house above my head. I stood there and fired back as near as I could to the place that I thought they were. Again they shot back. I shot again, dropped quickly to the floor and crawled into the room. I heard Mr. Johnson returning their fire. I wondered if anyone had been killed or wounded.

Now all became quiet. Not a sound for about an hour. Then we heard them drive their carts into the yard. There were no lights, nor any sound of voices. We knew that they were there, but did not know how many or where they would enter first. Thus we watched and silently waited until day dawned. We saw the last cart go from the yard. What a terrible night this had been. How near I had escaped death--but at that time I did not think of the danger I was in.

As soon as it was light, we went out to see what they had done, and we found that they had taken down the side of the smoke-house, and had taken the barrels of pork and corn and fifty-eight hams--leaving one lone ham and some of the shoulder meat. We had a few bushels of salt, and every grain of that was taken. You must remember that all of the salt that we had during the Civil War had to be boiled out of sea water at the salt works at Singleton Swash and other places on the sea coast.

That morning we sent old Uncle Ned, the colored man, with a note to my father, telling him of our trouble, and asking him to send help from Conwayboro. That afternoon, Capt. Ervin, the Methodist minister, who was there at that time, who was Captain of the Hussars, or Home Guard, was notified, and came with his company to Cool Springs. The next day they commenced their search through the woods. A day or two after this, they saw that same woman who had passed so often. Thinking that she was aiding the deserters, they followed her for some distance. When she turned into the swamp, they took her prisoner and brought her back to Cool Springs. She confessed at last that she knew the deserters were in the swamp, but would not tell the place. She was told that she must remain in our yard until she had orders to leave--telling us to watch her until the company returned. The next morning, Capt. Ervin's men brought in one of the deserters that they had captured. He was a young man, called young Abe Rabon--son of the old man who had befriended us. He was tied to a tree in the yard and was told that the law for deserters from the army was death. He begged them to spare his life, and if they would, he would tell them the names of all the men who were in the raid, and where to find the things that had been taken away. The corn and pork barrels were hidden in the swamp; the things in the box had been divided up, and were in the houses of different raiders. Sister Lou and I sat on the porch and heard this conversation. He was taken to jail and tried.

He gave the names of those who were in the raid. Some of them had been wounded, and all of them had escaped except young Abe. Capt. Ervin, with his company, was busy hunting the raiders for a week or more. They took mules and wagons and brought in most of the provisions which had been hidden in the swamp--and also some of the things which had been in our box. These were found in the homes of the raiders as Rabon had said. The corn and pork which we had hidden in the stall was never found.

About this time, Capt. Ervin was called to Conway, as raiding was going on there too. Warehouses were opened, cotton as well as provisions were taken. Not satisfied with this, they went down the river and made raids on the rice mills. Returning, one of them was shot and killed on the farther side of the river near the foot of the present bridge--and another, further down the road. Still another was killed at Board Landing. After this the raiding stopped. These raiders were deserters from our own army, which was a terrible thing.

We were also expecting the Yankees in Conway. Capt. Bell's company was called to Conway to meet the enemy when they arrived. It was that night, as I have told you, that our cousin, Lt. John R. Beaty was mortally wounded by Capt. Bell through mistake. He thought it was one of the enemy but it was his own Lieutenant in his own company. Three of his other men were wounded. It was very sad. The Yankees came. The town was searched, but none of our boys were taken prisoners. They had all left town. The Yankee soldiers were here for three or four months before leaving.

The war was over. Stores were opened and business was again starting up in town. Times were dull--everything was very high. We could buy but little--just what was really needed--what you could pay for, and nothing more. Sister Addie and I taught again until we had paid our debt. Having settled this, we were free again, and could now make some money of our own.

I well remember how we spent the first money we had of our own. We could not buy a nice dress, but were glad to be able to buy anything that we could get. We chose a small figured muslin for our dresses. Ten yards for each of us--priced a dollar a yard! Twenty dollars for two dresses! Our little black silk gloves were a dollar, and then there must be one pair of shoes for each of us, and when this was paid, there was money for nothing else. Another month before we would be able to get anything more. Hoops were worn in those days and dresses were very wide and long.

Addie was at this time teaching near Conway. It was her last school. Frank Burroughs had come home from the war, and they were married November 14, 1866. I taught two more schools after this, and was married Nov. 17, 1869 at my father's home. I taught

my last school in my home in Conway in 1871. I have given you some idea of what we passed through during the four years of the Civil War, and a little sketch of our school days.

Signed: Ellen Cooper Johnson
Dec. 11, 1924 (aged 80 years)

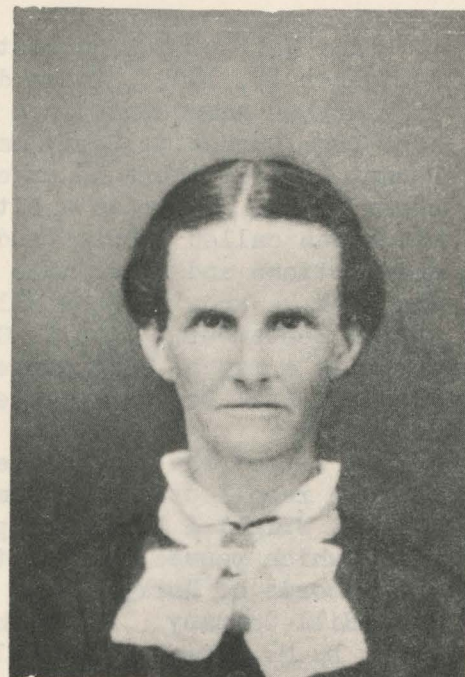
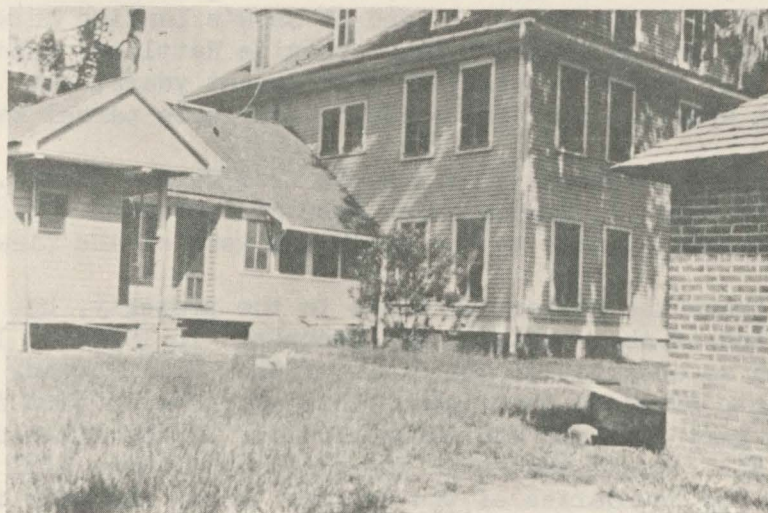


Ellen Cooper Johnson
as a young woman (l.)
in black lace gloves
and in later life (r.)



Below right, her
sister Louisa Beaty
Cooper Barnhill.

Below left, a rear
view of Snow Hill.



SNOW HILL

By Franklin G. Burroughs

Very little research has been done on this bit about Snow Hill, and if it should ever be read at some future date a generous amount of salt should be kept at hand. Like George Orwell's 1984, which is getting rather close now, I hope this will not be considered true history just because there is nothing else around to contradict it.

The more accurate bits of information come from the public records of Horry County; the files of Snow Hill Company in the office of Burroughs & Collins Co.; the writings of Ellen Cooper Johnson, of Lucile B. Godfrey, of Adalyn Sherwood Kearns; and (in diminishing degree of accuracy) conversations with D. M. Burroughs, Frances C. Burroughs, Edward E. Burroughs, and my own recollection.

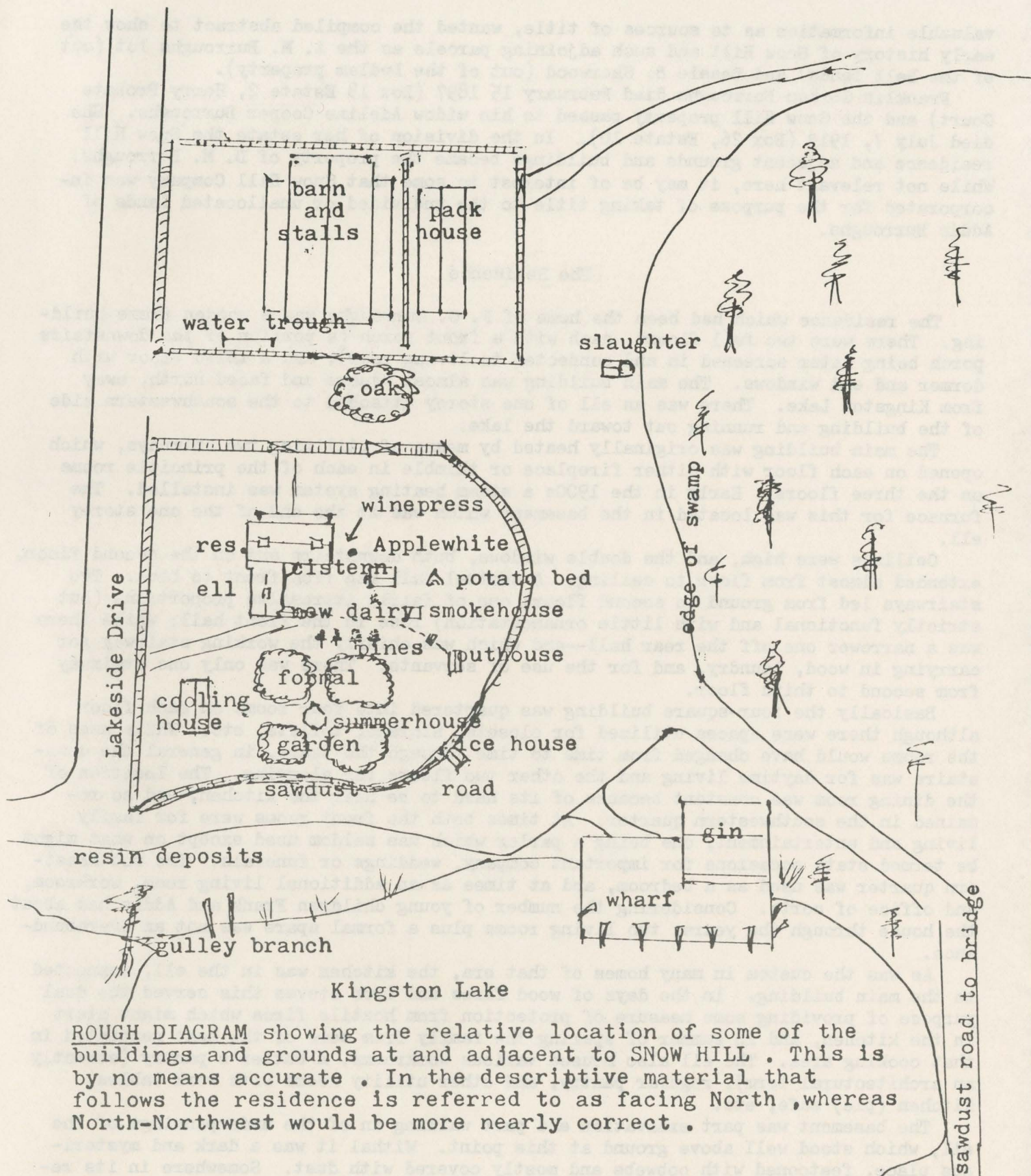
The Snow Hill Family

Franklin Gorham Burroughs	born Dec 28 1834	died Feb 25 1897
Adeline Cooper Burroughs	Sept 3 1848	July 7 1919
Married November 16 1866		
Effie Tolar B. Egerton	Nov 10 1867	Mar 25 1955
George Burroughs	Jan 24 1869	Feb 12 1869
Beulah Burroughs	Feb 7 1870	Nov 14 1871
Franklin Augustus Burroughs	Apr 16 1872	Oct 12 1947
Ruth Adeline Burroughs	Sept 3 1875	Jul 29 1902
Edith Ella B. Buck	Sep 23 1877	Sep 12 1899
Claude Burroughs	Jan 28 1880	Feb 12 1880
Arthur Manigault Burroughs	Aug 7 1881	Aug 14 1912
Sarah Best B. Sherwood	Mar 3 1884	Dec 29 1964
Donald McNeill Burroughs	Apr 7 1887	Aug 23 1969
Lucile Norton B. Godfrey	Sep 21 1891	Dec 31 1974

Snow Hill proper consisted of four acres deeded by W. A. Gregg to F. G. Burroughs September 18, 1867. There does not appear of record any deed to this property to or from anyone named Snow, nor was any recorded plat showing this property found. In a deed from Durant to Beatty made in 1838 for the tract of 1,000 acres granted to John Durant in 1818 there is an exception of "four acres of land at Snow's Landing on Waccamaw Lake". There is a bit of high land up Kingston Lake opposite Rattler's Pond which was called Snow's Landing (later Tarzan's Cabin) in more recent years, but descriptions and other maps make it apparent that the excepted four acre parcel was the area we know as Snow Hill.

On September 3 1869 F. G. Burroughs purchased 27 1/2 acres from Curtis Clewis. There is a map of this property made by W. I. Graham under date of September 25 1860. The Snow Hill Residence site is the cut out area to the south and west of the Clewis lands.

It is not the purpose here to trace the history of title to the property, but rather to give recollections and impressions of the residence and grounds. In 1939 the law firm of Wright & Burroughs prepared an abstract of the title of Snow Hill Company to lands which passed through the estate of Addie Burroughs. This was done in part from the records of Horry County and in part from old muniments of title in the files of Snow Hill Company. Although Snow Hill itself was never the property of Snow Hill Company, D. M. Burroughs, who located the boundaries of the various tracts and gave in-



valuable information as to sources of title, wanted the compiled abstract to show the early history of Snow Hill and such adjoining parcels as the A. M. Burroughs lot (out of the Bell lands) and Bessie B. Sherwood (out of the Ludlam property).

Franklin Gorham Burroughs died February 15 1897 (Box 18 Estate 2, Horry Probate Court) and the Snow Hill property passed to his widow Adeline Cooper Burroughs. She died July 7, 1919 (Box 26, Estate 10). In the division of her estate the Snow Hill residence and adjacent grounds and buildings became the property of D. M. Burroughs. While not relevant here, it may be of interest to some that Snow Hill Company was incorporated for the purpose of taking title to the undivided or unallocated lands of Addie Burroughs.

The Residence

The residence which had been the home of F. G. Burroughs was a wooden frame building. There were two full floors, each with a front porch (a portion of the downstairs porch being later screened in and connected to living room), and a third floor with dormer and end windows. The main building was almost square and faced north, away from Kingston Lake. There was an ell of one storey attached to the southwestern side of the building and running out toward the lake.

The main building was originally heated by means of utilizing two chimneys, which opened on each floor with either fireplace or thimble in each of the principle rooms on the three floors. Early in the 1900s a steam heating system was installed. The furnace for this was located in the basement which was at the end of the one storey ell.

Ceilings were high, and the double windows, both downstairs and on the second floor, extended almost from floor to ceiling. A central hall ran from front to back. Two stairways led from ground to second floor; one of fairly impressive proportions (but strictly functional and with little ornamentation) rose in the front hall; while there was a narrower one off the rear hall--and which was chiefly the working stairway for carrying in wood, laundry, and for the use of servants. There was only one stairway from second to third floor.

Basically the four-square building was quartered into four rooms on each floor although there were spaces utilized for closets, storage, toilets, etc. While uses of the rooms would have changed from time to time through the years, in general the downstairs was for daytime living and the other two floors for sleeping. The location of the dining room was constant because of its need to be near the kitchen, and so remained in the southwestern quarter. At times both the front rooms were for family living and entertainment, one being a parlor which was seldom used except on what might be termed state occasions for important company, weddings or funerals. The southeastern quarter was used as a bedroom, and at times as an additional living room, workroom, and office of sorts. Considering the number of young children Frank and Addie had about the house through the years; two living rooms plus a formal spare was not an overabundance.

As was the custom in many homes of that era, the kitchen was in the ell, connected to the main building. In the days of wood fires and iron stoves this served the dual purpose of providing some measure of protection from hostile fires which might start in the kitchen, and in summer of sparing the family from some of the heat generated in that cooking area. The ell also housed various workrooms, a butler's pantry (strictly an architectural term), regular pantry, and other utility rooms with work tables, kitchen (pie) safe, etc.

The basement was part excavation and part walling in of the underpinnings of the ell, which stood well above ground at this point. Withal it was a dark and mysterious place, festooned with cobwebs and mostly covered with dust. Somewhere in its re-

cesses Frank had laid down several well corked bottles of fine local wine--and while one hardly dared mention such a corrupting agency, some of it remained in excellent condition until certain of his grandsons became adults.

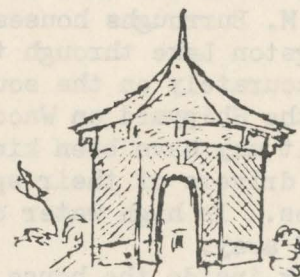
An interesting feature of the house was the cistern. Located in the 'jamb' between the southern wall of the house and the eastern wall of the ell, this served for years as collection and storage tank for water for household use. After 'city water' became available its use was abandoned, and it only remained as a place of exquisite horror for children who might fall therein to their inescapable doom. There was a system of guttering which led down from the roof over the rear part of the house into the cistern, and before reaching the entrance to the cistern itself there was a cut-out arrangement in the downspout so that the first rainfall could be diverted into the yard rather than going into the cistern. What with dirt roads, falling leaves, roosting birds, and a nearby cotton gin there was usually a deposit on the roof and in gutters. The technique was to let the first rainfall run off into the yard until such time as seemed reasonable to assume that roof and gutters had cleansed themselves, then trip the cut-out so as to direct the rainwater into the cistern. This water was used mostly for washing (presumably of human animals as well as inanimate objects), and in the early days the drinking water was carried over from Ludlam Spring (Sherwood Hill).

The Grounds and Outbuildings

Snow Hill was something of a self supporting unit, as were many of the farm homes of the time. The farmland itself extended through most of what is today known as the Snow Hill residential subdivision of Conway, but the house and its adjacent grounds were the base of operations.

There were many more small buildings than are shown on the sketch; for surely there were chickenhouses, toolroom, woodsheds and other functional shelters, but some of the principle buildings and features of the grounds are generally located on the sketch.

The Residence, Ell and Cistern have been covered. The Formal Garden lay between the residence and the lake. Its walks were bordered with hedge of euonymous (evonymus) standing five or six feet tall. In the center stood a summerhouse, a graceful octagonal building with four arched entrances, latticed sides, and a pleasing roof line. Inside were benches along the walls and a fixed table stood in the center. The summerhouse was moved and now stands just east of the oak tree. Outside, and to the north of the garden stood a row of white pines, brought from western North Carolina. Many attempts were made to transplant the white pine to the low country as an ornamental tree, but few grew to maturity.



The Summerhouse

The Old Dairy, or more properly the cooling house, lay on the slope of the hill, and to the west of the garden. This was a one storey building, the northern part of which was brick and partly embedded in the hillside.



Old Dairy
or
Cooling House

The southern half had a cement floor and was screened. The thick brick walls afforded a certain amount of insulation and coolness to the inside, and there was a brick and cement trough along three of the sides of the interior walls. This trough stood about waist high, forming a part of the wall itself, and the trough was about one foot deep. Water was piped into the trough to cool milk, cream and butter, circulating throughout and running out through an overflow pipe in the opposite wall. With the coming of refrigeration and easy access to ice the use of the cooling house for its in-

tended purpose was given up, but it proved to be a most suitable theatre for aspiring playwrights and actors under the age of ten -and who were never heard of afterwards. The attic area became a pigeon loft.

The Resin Deposits were dross from the making of turpentine. At one time there had been a turpentine still located near where Gulley Branch flowed into Kingston Lake. The droppings of pitch became solidified into a shape resembling a pan of rolls or biscuits with a slight overdose of baking powder.

The Ice House was actually a cave which had been dug in the side of the hill near the wharf. This was boarded in, lined with sawdust, and had thick wooden doors. In the days of lumber and naval stores ships came down from the North in ballast, and that ballast was sometimes ice which had been hacked from northern rivers in winter. Some of it made the trip unmelted, was brought upriver and packed into the hillside of Snow Hill--a luxury item indeed! This was before the days of any ice plant in Conway.

The Gin and Wharf were busy places after cotton picking time. Most of the cotton was brought to the gin by mule and wagon, processed, baled and stored, usually on the open wharf, and then shipped out by steamer. Much of the cotton was carried by the 'F. G. Burroughs', flagship of the Waccamaw Line of Steamers. This wooden hulled side-wheeler was able to operate in relatively shallow water and carry large cargo. At intervals 'Mitchell C', a steel hulled sidewheeler, and later 'Comanche' a screw driven vessel would load at the wharf, but the eastern part of Kingston Lake is quite shallow and there was not much deep water for turning room. All three vessels had accommodations for passengers who might want to make the daylong trip to Georgetown, or to ports of call enroute such as: Potts' Bluff, Toddville, Bucksville, Bucksport, Enterprise, Waverley Mills, or Hagley--which was the debarkation point for those who might vacation at Pawley's Island. The 'head' on the 'F. G. Burroughs' was built into the sidewheel housing, and was thus furnished with a vibrant flushing system.

In addition to the ginning of cotton there was a grist mill in the same building. This did a very flourishing business in the flour-scarce days of World War I.

The Sawdust Road ran from Main Street to the A. M. Burroughs Lumber Company site on the eastern side of the lake. Beginning at the slope of the hill just east of Main Street, where the line of the ACL Railroad was then located, running past the Sherwood and A. M. Burroughs houses the road led to gin and wharf, circled the eastern shore of Kingston Lake through the swamp, to a bridge which crossed to the sawmill--which was more accurately on the southeastern shore--and connected up with a dirt road running on to the Shipyard on Waccamaw River. Much of the road was actually deep sawdust, and while it may have been kind to the feet of the beasts of burden, and to the backsides of the drivers of their springless wagons, it was ill suited to gasoline powered machines. In high water or 'freshet time' portions of the road in the swamp simply floated away.

Back inside the house compound, and about the southeastern corner of the big house was a modest cabin. Here lived Uncle Anderson Applewhite, for many years a faithful retainer. Applewhite Lane is named for him. The smokehouse was a place for the curing and storage of ham, bacon and sausage. Complementary thereto (gastronomically speaking) was the potato bed, a teepee like structure of poles, straw and clay, in which sweet potatoes were stored.

The cooling house was discontinued and a 'new' dairy was provided at the southeastern corner of the ell. This also used flowing water through galvanized troughs, but the use of the water did not stop there. First it emptied into a small basin outside the building, at which the yard chickens watered, and then through a ditch down the hillside toward the outhouse. There was an impoundment area with a sluice gate to collect the water, and the gate was opened at intervals to flush the deposit beneath the holey place. Happily this facility was replaced by interior plumbing at an early date. Those galvanized troughs mentioned above were used as paddling boats by some of the more daring boys about the place after the dairy went out of operation.

The winepress was close to Uncle Anderson's cabin, and was a post driven in the ground, into which post a bar (wooden) was installed in a fulcrum like arrangement. Attached to this was a plunger which pressed down on the container of grapes when weights were secured to the outer end of the fulcrum.

All the residence area was originally enclosed by a picket fence. About the decade of 1910 a brick wall was put up around the foot of the hill along the sawdust road, to mark off the residence area and to discourage erosion. The wall remains as it was, except for the steps and the landing area which were changed in the 1920's.

The Oak Tree stands between the main house and the 'lot', as the land on which the barn and other farm buildings stood was called. For many years a rope-and-board-seat swing hung from one of the limbs, and provided a high arc to thrill a pumped up aerialist.

There were other trees of interest about the place. F. G. Burroughs evidently liked the slippery elm for he caused a number of these to be planted, not only at the residence but along street margins in the town, including the terrace area of the A. M. Burroughs lot; there were enough pecan trees to supply nuts for the family and friends; and to the eastern side of the formal garden was a very large, and quite climbable, apple tree which was still bearing fruit at the time of Addie's death. On the wagon trail from the lot, around the edge of the swamp to the cemetery, was a white mulberry tree. Some gifted salesman was reputed to have sold many of these trees around Conway and Homewood for the nurture of silkworms, to start a cottage industry--which never did get going. There were large clumps of bamboo or cane and of pampas grass in and around the garden providing a roosting place for many small birds.

Barn and Stalls were combined into a single building. The central part was of two storeys. In the lower part wagons, buggies, harness and farming tools were kept, and the second storey was a huge hay loft. The hay was lifted through an opening in the middle of the floor. Along the edges of the loft, and above the stalls, were openings through which the hay could be dropped into feeding racks for the animals below. The stalls ran along either side of the barn itself and could be entered from the hallway or center passage of the barn itself, or from the outside of the stalls. As the use of mules and horses declined through the years many of the stalls stood vacant or were used for storage.

The Packhouse was a one floored, high walled building used mainly for the storage of corn and some farm tools. It was also tenanted by a balance-of-nature colony of snakes and rats. The water trough was fed by an artesian well and was so located along the fence as to be accessible from inside or out.

The Slaughter area was an open building with a large cast iron cauldron embedded in cement and above a brick furnace with chimney. At hog killing time, which was ideally a very cold day, the furnace was fired up early in the morning and the cauldron filled with water to bring to boil. Mr. Bob McCracken, who was farm superintendent for Addie for many years, would administer the coup de grace with a .22 rifle, or at times a sturdy helper would swing an axe; the pig was hamstrung and the throat slashed to bleed the victim; after that the carcass was tossed into the boiling water; re-hamstrung; the bristles scraped from the animal; the smoking entrails removed; and the butchering process begun. Some of the meat was set aside to be used as fresh pork or made into sausage, some salted to become fatback, some rendered into lard or used in the making of lye soap, and some selected to go to the smokehouse for curing.

In addition to being farm superintendent Mr. McCracken ran the gin and grist mill. He had lost one of his arms in an accident at the gin. Somehow to a small boy the killing of the hogs and their consignment to boiling water offered a terrifying parallel to the theological doctrine of hellfire-and-damnation (or to the royal horrors in Dickens' A Child's History of England)--and so made a profound impression, giving this part of the Snow Hill story more prominence than it merits.

[See additional Snow Hill pictures on front and back covers.]

JOYNER ADDRESSES JANUARY MEETING

"All history is local history somewhere," stated Dr. Charles Joyner at the January 12, 1981, meeting of the Society. The Santee-Cooper Auditorium was filled with members who had come to hear this distinguished Horryite speak. Dr. Joyner, whose roots are in Bucksport, is director of the Center for Waccamaw Studies at Coastal Carolina College.

Among the available documents suitable for research projects are courthouse records and the Burroughs and Collins archives, but proverbs, superstitions, lies and folk tales give clues to the people of any given community. "People don't lie," he stated, "they just tell the truth in an unconventional way." Stories and songs that are remembered are remembered for some reason."

During the business part of the meeting the gavel was passed to the new president. William H. Long succeeded Rupert Gause and presented the retiring president a plaque in recognition of his service.

--A. Reesor



Charles Joyner

MUSEUM OPENS

On Sunday afternoon, March 1, 1981, the Horry County Museum officially opened its doors. The Historical Society is especially proud of this visible evidence of the county's interest in preserving and interpreting its past.

Several members of the Historical Society have contributed to establishment of the Museum. HCHS members who have served on the Museum Board of Trustees include J. W. F. Holliday, Lacy K. Hucks, Annie Lee S. Bailey, Laura Q. Jordan, Catherine H. Lewis, Robert N. Richardson, Jr., Roberta W. Rust, and Louise H. Stone. C. B. Berry, Chairman of the Horry County Historical Preservation Commission, and W. H. Long, HCHS President, spoke during the opening ceremonies. Other members have contributed artifacts for museum displays.

The staff of IRQ congratulates Director William Keeling and all who have worked to make the museum a success. It will be featured in a later Quarterly.

--A. Reesor

HORRY COUNTY MUSEUM	
5th & Main	
Conway	
HOURS	
Monday-Friday	9-5
Saturday	12-5
Sunday	1-4
ADMISSION	
Adults	\$1.00
Students	.50
Senior Citizens	.50
Inquire about	
annual passes.	

THE DIARY OF COL. DANIEL W. JORDAN

This day, January the first 1868, I have concluded to do, what I should have done long years ago; and what I think the duty of the head of every family, who wishes to transmit to his descendants the many strange things which are constantly occurring in this uncertain and strange world, viz. a diary of passing events.

This is brought more forcibly to my mind by the wonderful events of the last seven years--seven years of war--five of which in actual hostility, and three made on an unresisting, and generous people, by a section of country, the citizens of which call themselves our brothers--sprung from the same people, and speaking the same language. To add to our distress we are threatened with famine. This is brought about chiefly by the meddling of the freedmans bureau with the labouring population, which is composed intirely of negroes who do now, and always, did hate constant labour. Indeed will not work except by compulsion.

Whilst thinking on this war, made on us for no cause whatever, the changed situation of the people of this, our Parish of All saints, is brought forcibly to my mind. I will name a few, only, as all are in about the same situation. The Ward family who owned largely of real estate, and some 1,200 to 1,300 negroes are now quite poor, having nothing left but the land which is rendered of but little value having no labourers that will work it. The Magills, Alstons, Nesbits, are in about the same situation.

The writer of this Journal had, when this war begun, settled on Laurel Hill plantation, and engaged in making turpentine in the Pine woods, 300 negroes, 100 of whom were able men & also a half interest in 14 men working with E. J. Parker, who he took as an overseer for 200\$ about A.D. 1850. The negroes are now all gone, and the mill (Rice pounding & Barrel machines) which cost 29,000\$ burnt by the Yankees. So I consider my losses about a quarter of a million of Dollars. My curiosity induces me to ask of my own mind what effect this will have on my decendants. It may be different from what one would expect. Property does not always remain in a family. This seeming evil may be good in disguise. It may learn them how to work & make money instead of spending it. At the same time it is very hard for one to come down from what they have been accustomed to; particularly so for ladies. In theory poverty, and working for one's living is very nice, but where do we find the persons willing to give up affluence for poverty? There may be such but I do not know them. They might, and would, be called by some Philosophers "Quinquid est, est rectum" is an adage sometimes indeed often quoted, but it is very hard to yield our minds to what it teaches. Can we think that it is right for the Yankees to free our slaves, turn them against us, rob our houses, destroy our field and demoralize our country? Before the war we shipped from the rivers running into Winyah Bay 70 to 80,000 casks of rice. Now if we ship from the crop of 1867 more than 6,000 casks it will disappoint every one. The world can hardly shew an example of such falling off, unless, perhaps, in some of the Islands of the West Indies after emancipation.

The last year just past has been indeed one of disaster to us. After much struggling to get the negroes to plant a little rice, the freshet of June came and swept off all as low down this river (Waccamaw) as Oatland; and the other rivers did not fair much better. The writer of this has been nearly ruined by this sad state of affairs, having been interested in about 800 Acres up the river, from which he will not get a single bushel of rice; besides being somewhat in debt for supplies.

The state of affairs are indeed gloomy in the rice country; and I doubt if they are much better in the cotton. The planters having generally lost nearly all the rice, and not being able to pay the factors for advances made, leaves the factors unable, if they are willing, to make further advances. Indeed, with the uncertain labour it would seem imprudent for them to do so. What the country will do it is impossible to say. It looks very much like what we used to hear of in old times at a distance, & did not believe possible--Viz. Starvation. Here is a country capable of supporting ten times the present population, with lands in order, with the negros starving

and with no clothes to hide their nakedness. There is not now in this parish enough hogs to give the people one dinner. The cattle are now being stolen, and will soon be gone also. The rice and corn made will not last one month. The government officers say we will be helped by the Government. I hope so, or we will indeed be in a very bad situation. I make these remarks so that those who follow after me, if by chance they should read this, may know what an unenviable situation we were in A.D. 1867 & 8.

Many people speculate on the Negro character. This is more the case now since he has been made free, than formerly. In my own mind I cannot determine much about him. That he is improvident, and lazy, does not admit of a doubt. That he is the same order in scale of being as the white man I do not believe. Ariel, who is a writer making some noise in the world just now, denies him a soul. I will not say that I fully agree in his positions, but I will say this much, that he has raised doubts, of a serious character, in my mind. I can hardly think that he will go to the same heaven as the white man. Indeed he seems of a different order of being, which shows more prominently since he has been made free. He certainly has not thus far shown himself capable of self government, or of taking care of himself. He is raising no children, and the old are fast passing away. How many years will it be before he will be like the Indian--gone? Matters seem rapidly approaching a crisis in this southern land. From one end of the country--from the Potomac to the Rio Grande--to the other we hear of starvation, Robbery, arson, murder, and general demoralization among the negroes. There are good reasons for this. So long as we have the Freedmans Bureau to contend with, we cannot bring peace and justice, quiet and organization, out of the present chaotic state of the country. Abandon this Bureau, and we could in six months have a quiet and organized state of society. The Bureau officers, as a general thing, stir up the negro element for political effect, regardless of the bad effects of such a course on the prosperity of the country.

We are also cursed with low rascals from the eastern states, who having no standing or property in their own country, come to this, needy adventurers, seeking whom they may devour, and being supported by the military in their nefarious work generally manage so as to fill their pockets, and discontent the Negroes.

By the late reconstruction acts of Congress the negroes were allowed to vote, and did vote for a convention to frame a new Government for the state, which is to sit in Charleston in this month of January. Will the acts and doings of this body be sustained by the country? I think not. Even now the great body of the northern people begin to open their eyes to the enormity of letting a race of half savages rule an intelligent race of white people.

The subject of getting something to eat, as indeed it should, is creating some excitement in the country now. We have not enough in this parish to last one month, and our hope is from the Government. If we fail in this we must have starvation to some extent. In the Southern country we never knew what even a scarcity was before the negroes were set free, and allowed to roam over the country in idleness, stealing every thing right and left. If this state of things is to last long white people had better try to leave the country, and go where property is respected.

The negro Convention, as we call it, is composed of about half negroes and half mean low white people. Doubtful in which party virtue and intelligence predominates. Is there any in either?

As it is considered well, and praiseworthy, for one to know the history of his family--the race from which he sprang--his connection with past events; and as to know this has a tendency to make one better, and to emulate the good deeds of his ancestors, I have concluded to write this history of mine, as near as it can be obtained from papers in possession of the family, from tradition, and what I have known from experience. I cannot be exact as to dates; and must leave out many things that would be interesting to descendants. However the imperfect history that I shall write will be better than none, as those who are, and have been familiar, have passed, or are rapidly passing away.

Thomas Jordan emigrated from England and settled on Manhattan Island, now New York, about the year 1630. How long he lived there is uncertain. There is a tradition which says that the Dutch, who then mostly inhabited that Island, stold his chickens, and abused his pigs, and were disagreeable to him in many ways. So much so that he picked up "bag and baggage", and removed to Maryland. That he did not intend to intirely abandon Manhattan is shown from the fact of his having held on to his land (perhaps there was then no market) one hundred and thirty one acres (131) of which he held by a Grant, which is now in the possession of the family in Pitt County North Carolina. This land was bounded by the east and north rivers, and takes in what is now lower Broadway, the Battery, and many cross streets, being valued at an immense amount. An uncle of mine, William Jordan, who died 1840, at the age of 84, knew much about this property, having heard his father, and Grandfather frequently speak of it. He thought the reasons why they never sued for it, about which they talked much, were that they lived a long way off in N. C., and having not a large amount of money, and further, knew that so many interests were involved, and so many people interested that it would be a long, and difficult struggle. One involving their intire ruin if they did not succeed. Entertaining these views the family have never made a serious attempt to get the land, or any pay for it. At no time, in past generations, have they abandoned their claims to this vast property. No doubt thinking that something would turn up one day by which they would be benefited. This family I think, have been generally deficient in energy and hence the cause of this matter resting so long without an effort to recover what I think the undoubted rights of the family. However whether the trouble with the pigs & chickens, or an idea that he could do better some where else, one thing is certain he removed from New York carrying with him his land titles, and settled in Maryland, and raised a family there. What year this was, all the papers being with an older branch of the family in N. C. I have not the present means of knowing.

John, the son of this Thomas Jordan, removed from Maryland about the year 1675, and took up a large quantity of land in Hyde County N. C., on a large creek, afterwards called Jordans Creek, which empties into Pamlico river, not far from Old Bath, which was then, or soon after, the seat of Government. Others removed to Virginia, and I think the family of Jordan, in the low country of Va. are decended from this Thomas.

John Jordan, which I will call the first, as there has been several of this name, which I shall mention in this short sketch had one son, John 2d, and several daughters. The daughters married into the Russell and Latham families of Hyde county. And from him also descended the Havens, Marshes & Fowles of Washington N. C. of whom the present Judge Fowle is descended. The son married Miss . He was a merchant, as I think his father before him, John the first, who moved from Maryland had been. What is strange about this person he was either born blind, or became so from disease. I think the latter. However he was certainly blind for a good part of his life. Notwithstanding this great impediment he was a good merchant, being able to tell any kind of money, either silver or paper, by the touch, and carried on his business with prudence and success. He built vessels, and loaded them to the West Indies. His wife did the writing of a private kind, but I suppose he had clerks who did the ordinary writing of the store, and attended to the shipments. I think he must have been more than an ordinary man, having with this great infirmity raised a family, and made a good fortune for those times.

This John Jordan the 2d had several daughters, and two sons--Thomas and John the 3d. Thomas married and had children. Two of these removed to Tennessee--George & Seth--about the begining of this century. I have heard this anecdote of George. When departing for Tennessee which was in those days considered a wonderful journey, he said to his friends that there were two things he would never do--marry a woman with children or a widow. Both of which he did in a twelve month after settling in Ten. marrying a widow with 2 children.

One of the daughters ;married a Mr. Jones and moved to Norfolk Va. One married a Crittinden, and moved to Kentucky, and was the mother of John Jordan Crittenden, named after my Grand Father John the 3d, so long celebrated in Ky. as orator, Senator &

Statesman, and no less for the number of his distinguished children. Some of these children, during the so called Rebellion, fought on the Southern Side, and some on the Federal. The old senator took the Federal side, and did more against the cause than any other single individual, having carried Ky. against us, thereby ruining a cause which would have been successful could we have had the large population of Ky. to help us. I have heard that the old man before his death regreted his course. I met him in Washington City 1858 & 9 when he traced the Genealogy of his family, and seemed much pleased to have met one descended from the same stock as himself. He made a very favourable impression on my mind--plain--agreeable kind & unpretending. One could see at a glance that he was no ordinary man.

A descendant of the daughter that married Jones, about 45 or 50 years ago, traveled over a large portion of lower N. C. looking for the home of his ancestors, and their graves; and also their descendants. He found but few, if any of the name, in Hyde county, and promised when he had more time to come again, and extend his researches up as high as Pitt county. I never heard of him again. This branch is connected with the Archers and Butts of Va. who did live in or about Norfolk.

Maj. John Jordan 3d the brother of Thomas, and the sisters just named, was my grandfather and was born 1736, and died 1798. He married Elizabeth Smith who was born 1738 and died 1834, having reached almost one hundred Years, with all her faculties unimpaired. The day of the night she died, she went to the smoke house, without help, and gave out her dinner. She walked as upright as she did in her youth. Indeed there seemed to be no failing in body or mind to the last. Having lived near this person I can say she was extraordinary in her memory, and other points of character. She had one of those even tempers that could scarcely be ruffled. I have often heard her tell anecdotes of people who had lived in the Seventeenth Century that she knew. She and her father had lived in three centuries, 17, 18 & 19th. Her memory was so great that she distinctly recollected persons with whom she came in contact in 1745, 6, 7, 8, 9 & 50. These persons being old, and many of them of her own family, carried her back to scenes, and incidents of 1680, 90, & 1700. When the court was held in Old Bath, and she a young lady, she used to ride up there on horseback in company with other young people. No one in those days aspiring to any thing more. About this time the Governor of the colony got a carriage out from England which caused much stir in the state. People in those days wore their own make of clothes, and she wove her a dress which she pulled through her finger ring, before she made it up. She could trace all the connections of the principal families in lower N. C.

Her husband Major John Jordan, my grand father, held the commission of Major from the King. His name appears in all the revolutionary proceeding in Hyde County. Was a delegate to the convention held in the County of Halifax to declare the State separated from the crown. On his way to Halifax he passed through Pitt county, then I suppose considered the up country, and liked it; and in 1778 moved up. This may have been caused by the exposed condition of the low country, being then dangerous to live in. The same year he was sent as member of the convention from the county of his adoption, and continued a member until the revolution was over. So for awhile, tho' these counties are a long ways apart, he might be considered as representing two distinct communities in that important convention which separated the state from the Crown of England, and laid the foundation for a new Government. Indeed it was then the sovereign power, and carried the state safely through the revolution.

The Plantation, Jordan Plain, then settled on is still in the family.

These parties, Maj. John Jordan, and his wife Elizabeth had eight children. Viz. Cornelia, John, William, Margaret, Elizabeth, Hosea, Daniell & Valentine S.

Cornelia married Dr. H Van Noorden, who was an exceedingly intelligent German Gentleman, and a marchant. Did a very large mercantile, and ship building business, but lost his fortune by the Berlin & Milan decrees, the British orders in council, and the U. S. embargo laws. He had large claims against the U. S. for spoilation in 1801 by the French, which, in the treaty with France was allowed, but could never be collected

from our own Govt. I look on this a very unfair transaction in a great Govt. She died without issue.

John moved back to Hyde, and died. Daniel and Hosea died in Jamaica in the West Indies without issue, with Yellow Fever.

William who died in 1841 aged 84 years was educated in Rhode Island, where falling in love with a young lady, who soon died, he took so much to heart, that he never made another effort, and lived this long life a bachelor. In his 19th Year he went into the Revolution as ensign. He was a very interesting man, and inherited the great memory of his mother, and could trace back to the latter part of the last century with accuracy.

Margaret married Col. Salter of the revolution, and had children Jordan, Thomas, John, Elizabeth. Jordan Salter was much older than his uncle, Valentine my father, and was his great friend and guide. He died unmarried. Thomas and John moved west and died. John had many singularties, one of which was to lie on his back for months, and read. Geography was his favorite study, of which he had almost a perfect knowledge, both of Modern & Ancient. He also wrote well both Poetry & prose. He was also apt to fall in love with every pretty girl he met, but this love was transitory, and generally ended in a very pretty piece of poetry to her charms. These love passes were very violent while they lasted, and caused him much unhappiness for the time. He was so fastidious that he could find no one but had, in his eye, some great failing--rather too late--rather too short or fat or lean. These he could never see until he was desperately smitten, and then he would be unhappy, and mourn that they were not more perfect. I don't think he caused the ladies much unhappiness. His volcanic fire did not generally warm their icy hearts. To one who did not reciprocate his passion he concluded his poetry to her with this verse--

"The bane of envy malice and strife
In these bad times are so much prone
To take from us the delights of life
That Ladies love she fears to own"

He planted his Woodstock plantation, and quit it because it was so lonesome. It seems that he got frightened there, and to avoid all danger always slept with all his doors wide open. Most people would have locked, and bolted. Having an important case in court, in which he had imployed Gavin Hogg, having met him near the courthouse door, asked about his case. Hogg replied that he had forgotten an important book, and wished he would go and get it. To this he answered go and wait on yourself. Hogg said then he would not attend to his case, and did not, and he lost. With all his excentricities he had many fine points of character. Was strictly honest, which is saying much.

Elizabeth married 1st Mr. Daily a wealthy gentleman of Hyde County. 2d Mr. Ovis, a French Gentleman, and third Mr. Selby of N. C. and had no children. Consequently this branch of the family ran out.

Elizabeth married Mr. Blount, an Episcopal minister I think from Va. Secondly Mr. Chamberlain by whom she had heirs.

Thomas Jordan married first Miss Blount. Secondly Miss Julia Miller. By them he had children--Amanda, who was a charming woman, possessing every virtue that adorns the female sex. She died 1867. Henry who married in Alabama, and now lives there. William who married Miss Howell of Edgecomb County N. C. and now lives there and has children. John, who died in Pitt without issue, and Elizabeth who married James H. Pritchett of Brunswick County N. C.

Of Mr. Pritchett I may remark that he is a very clever man. A warm friend to those he takes an interest in, but a bitter enemy when he thinks he has cause to be so. Take him, all and all, he is a noble fellow with some bad points mostly political. His wife "Bettie", like all the females of this race, pure, generous, and performing all the duties of a good wife cheerfully and with honour. He may well be proud of his jewel. I could say more of this, and other branches of the family, but I find I am lengthening

out much, and must desist. I must, however, say something of "Uncle Tommy" and "Aunt Julia", the father and mother, of the above. Uncle Tom was one of those whole souled men who always was ready to do you a favour, however much it might be to his disadvantage. His house was open to every body, and many took advantage of this generosity, particularly Yankee traders and clock pedlers. He would turn off none. This was very perplexing to his good and prudent wife, who knew that these people were eating out his substance, and did not deserve favours from any one. However his jovial and good nature could not resist to the last. When a member of the legislature many took advantage of this circumstance to sponge on him. His wife was kind, good and prudent but still liberal even to a fault. I knew them well and loved them much.

Valentine Smith Jordan, the father of the writer of these notes, was born 1782 and died 1856. He married Sarah Jones who was born 1780, and died 1828, leaving children four--viz. Margaret Eliza born 1808, Daniel William born June 20, 1810, Sarah born 1815 & Emily Malvina born March 10, 1818.

Of my father, as it is so difficult to speak with candour, perhaps it would be well to say but little. A son cannot well give much praise though it may be justly due, and would not give faults though ever so glaring. He was domestic in his feelings, and habits in an extreme degree, rarely ever leaving home to seek pleasure and happiness in the world. His home and family was his world. This feeling made him the best of husbands, and the most indulgent of fathers. This feeling was carried so far as to seem to an unacquainted observer as proceeding from selfishness, which it was not. It proceeded from a pure love of home and its inmates, with whom he was always contented and happy. His ambition was to be independant--particularly in money matters always living within his income. His father leaving to him the old home stead he lived and died where he was born. He introduced the culture of wine in his section of country, but it did not flourish tho' it was somewhat profitable to him. Some years he made as much as 40 Barrels. He also made apple and peach brandy of a good quality. He died, I think, without an enemy, having lived, as all admitted, an honourable life. I must say for myself that I think one great fault in his character was the want of ambition. Ambition to make money, to shine in the world. He certainly possessed but little of that Anglo-Saxon vice, or virtue as seen from different stand points, of extended domain. Was satisfied with his own broad acres, and envied not his neighbours for what was there own. His wife, my mother, had as she deserved to have from her superior mind, a powerful influence over him. After her death he lived for near 30 years alone, his children having been at school or married, without the thought of making new connections. His wife was surely a very superior woman and he so far appreciated her memory as not to wish again to marry. I recollect her well. The good advice she gave me, the scolding many, and the switch something for my dullness in my lessons, are indelibly impressed on my memory never to be erased. She had a great contempt for the then Yankee literature that was begining to flood the country, and would rarely read any thing but English books--Spencer, Milton, Shakespeare & Pope she delighted in. Popes essays were her delight, and she referred to any part of them when necessary, and quoted at will. Having a family dependant on her, she thought it her duty to know something of medicine and read many works on this science. But better than these she attended well to her duties as a wife, mother, housekeeper and mistress to her slaves. I recollect, when a child, to have heard her remark that she and "Val" had never fallen out but once, and that was about politics--that she could not bear to hear him defend the federal side in opposition to Mr. Jefferson; and answered by quoting some lines which were sung in those days runing thus as well as remembered.

"Each federal cub may hang his head
Like any whineing cur Sir
But our defence will let them know
Who is Jefferson and Burr Sir."

Lines not very poetical or beautiful, but still I suppose enough so to answer the corrupt end of party. This, with other things said on the occasion, being rather harsh it was thought best to drop politics, as they could not agree on this subject--which they did.

Speaking of wine, I have little doubt if my father had been anxious to make money and had pushed the business as he thought of doing at one time he would have done well--possibly have made a fortune by it. But he disliked trouble, and at that day there was but little inquiry for that kind of wine. Indeed it had never taken its place in the market--not so much as it does now since people have experimented in making it. There is no doubt but the day will come when scuppernong will be a large article of trade. It has of late been manufactured into still and sparkling wine in N. C.; and some I have seen consider equal to some fair Champagne. He never had much over an acre in Vines, tho' he made as high as 40 barrels of a season. This, if he could have made it worth one Dollar per Gallon, would have been a large yield to the acre. I have often wondered that he should have let a business, seemingly so lucrative, go down. Scuppernong, the native place of this grape is but a short distance from where he lived. The country is well adapted to the grape, particularly to this variety. Many other kinds of wild grapes grow in the woods which I have never met in other countries; and most varieties that grow any where seem to flourish there, which makes me conclude it to be a fine grape country.

The scuppernong wine, at the time I sepak of, was made in three ways--the plain juice--1/4 Brandy or 2 or 3 lbs of sugar to the Gallon. That made of juice, only, was apt to sour--that of sugar was too sweet for most people. So that made of Brandy was generally liked best, it being more suited to the palate of drinking people. Wine made of sugar turned almost into a cordial from age. Ladies liked this very much, and would often get into a lively mood drinking it before becoming aware of its strength. Well it would be a nice business now when Govt. taxes mean whiskey two Dollars per Gallon. Would like now to have what I once had, viz. a Barrel of this same wine.

The plantation, as entered by my grandfather, was called an axe entry; and tho' it was three miles long, and over one broad was put down as 1000 acres, and always paid tax for this number. It is situated on Grindall Creek, but a short distance from Pamlico, vulgarly called Tar, River and is a beautiful and perfectly level tract, making when new 30 to 35 bushels of corn per acre without manure; and very healthy indeed. One might live there with great content. My wandering mind, in its peregrination over the different scenes of the past, settles down in quiet there.

"Wherever I roam, whatever realms I see

My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee.

To thee! blest scenes of my childhood,

Dear spot of my boyhood, and manhood,

The birth place of father, and sisters so dear;

My mind to your shades must return with a tear."

When I think of that dear old place, the home of my ancestors for three generations, the home of Father & Mother, the birth place of myself, and my children, except Maggie, where I have spent so many youthful and happy hours, and met so many dear friends, now gone to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns" I can but do so with sad and mournful feelings. "The old oaken bucket, the Iron bound bucket," the beautiful grape vines with their clustering fruit, the walnuts and apples and pears and peaches that used to tempt me from my books, the winding paths where I used to stroll by the creek side, with young females palying at innocent games, thoughtless of guile, these, and more than these, rush with full force on my memory, and call forth feelings which cannot be defined. Contrasted with my present situation the thoughts called up are any thing but delightfull. Harrassed by debts, & surrounded by a population of semi-savages, who pray on my substance and supported in doing so by a government legally bound to protect all; my property destroyed; turned against by whites, now demoralized by the times, that I have materially aided, almost to my own destruction; left in my old age

in poverty to stand the storms, and whirlwinds of a distracted and broken down country. Certainly the contrast is striking.

"Perhaps, which is all that can well be expected,
With all these fragments so shattered, yet fair,
A fabric may yet be hereafter erected;
But oh! what a substitute for what was there.

The changes that take place in countries are sometimes very singular.

This country in N. C. that I am now writing of once was a tobacco producing country and the exports were chiefly tobacco, furs, and shingles. Now we never hear of tobacco at all as a production, shingles are only made for home purposes, and the animals from which furs were obtained are scarcely known. Vessels were built of a large class, and sailed to the West Indies from this country, and returned laden with the products of those countries. Now the river is so shallow that crafts of light draft can only come up, and the produce is carried to Washington N. C. for shipment.

It was no uncommon sight to see 4 or 5 vessels loading at a time, some of which were ships. This was before and during the revolution and up to 1810. After this time the river gradually became shallow, but not enough so to account for the great falling off in trade, therefore we must look for other causes to determine this question.

The chief of which is undoubtedly the separation from Great Britain. That wonderful blunder made by the Southern States from which they will never recover. This shows that man is a restless being, and can never be satisfied with his condition, however delightful it may be. Before this the Colonies South were prosperous, and happy; had justice and law, and their trade protected and cherished; and to add to their advantages tho' ruled it was by gentlemen, and not long faced puritans who preach all day Sunday, and steal and rob the balance of the week. Before the revolution when all the states had equal justice, the south was more prosperous than the north, and continued so until the north, able by numbers, to pass Bank Charters, Tariff laws, fishing bounty laws, and many others, diverted the trade, and prosperity from where the English left it, to themselves; and not content to steal and rob in this way by the law, took every occasion to rob us of our property privately; and still not content made war on us, and by the force of numbers took the balance. A whole sale plunder that the civilized world has never seen the like of. By reference to the "Olive Branch", a work written by Mathew Cary of Philadelphia those who do not wish to wade further into the history of Yankee legislation can find proven all that I have said above.

I must return to my family history. Margaret Elizabeth, who was born 1808 married Churchill Perkins, who was, I think, the most energetic man I ever knew. From a small beginning he built up Pactolus, a place by the by, to which I gave a name, the old Van Noorden Mills, bot "Jordan Plain" the old family homestead, and improved it; and made Turpentine in NC-SC. Georgia and Florida and did well in all. His accumulations were large, and when the war began had near 400 negroes, worth 600\$ each, besides large landed estate. With some not very desirable traits of character operated about Washington N. C. with some success, harrassing the Yankee troops stationed there very much, entered the town, and had a battle in the streets. For his good conduct he was promoted to a Major.

Of Florence, his wife, my niece, I can say she is beautiful, amiable, and in a word all that could be desired in a wife, daughter, mother and relative. This is saying much, but I think not more than is due. I have spent much time with her at home, and at the springs, and had every opportunity of judging of her good traits of character, when a young lady, with many beaux, the evil is apt to crop out if it is possessed. She has several interesting children.

Sarah, the second daughter of V. S. Jordan, was born 1815, and married Samuel Ralston and Irish Gentleman of splendid mind, and much intelligence. He was a man of many misfortunes. After moving to Missouri, and settling down quietly on his plantation, the great rebellion, as the Yankees call it, came on, and he of course being southern in his feeling, went heart and hand into it. Like his distinguished uncle Munro, who

headed, with Lord Fitzgerald and Emmett, the Irish Rebellion of 1748, he was born a rebel against oppression, and came very near meeting the same fate. He was pointed out from the beginning by the Yankee spies as a natural rebel, and deserved the character. In a battle near Independence he was left for dead on the field, but reviving was picked up and carried home to meet a fate, which to him, was not much more satisfactory--viz. expulsion from the country, and destruction of his effects. However, after a year or more he was allowed to return to find his house burned, his property destroyed and himself a beggar. Thus are our civilized fellow citizens who claim all the religion, all the intelligence and charity of the land. Will he not, as Hannibal's father did, make his descendants swear eternal hatred to "Rome"?

Sarah, his wife, was as gentle as a lamb, confiding to a fault, and unfitted to the stir and wild life of a frontier country. Her soft and gentle heart gave way under her sufferings from separation from kindred and friends whom she loved so dearly, and who reciprocated that devoted attachment, and she soon passed away to that land where all is peace and happiness. She was as near devoid of selfishness as God allows to human frailty, and was surely too good for this world. Her remains lie buried on the distant Missouri, far from the friends and relatives, whom she loved so well, and mourned so much. Peace to her ashes! She left two children John & Rowena. John, after being educated in Missouri, was sent to Chief Justice Pierson of N. C. to study law, where he conducted himself with great credit. From thence he went to Pikes Peak in or near the Rocky mountains, but is now married and settled down quietly in St. Louis Mo. He is a very intelligent young man, and I hope yet to hear great things of him.

Rowena, who was exceedingly beautiful with a sprightly, and active mind, after getting the foundation of her education was sent to Dr. Smedes in Raleigh N. C. where she remained for some time, and improved herself very much. Before finishing her course, however, she concluded to marry and returned to Mo. where she died in the 18th year of her age, much regretted by the people of Independence, and mourned by her relatives. I think she was very handsome--as much so as you would be apt to meet in many a days travel.

Malvina Emily, the 3d and youngest daughter of V. S. Jordan was born Mch 10 1819 and married Dr. Sanders of Rhode Island, who was a man of very fine mind, and good heart; and capable of rendering her happy. He had an uncommonly social disposition with much wit and humor, and goodness of heart which rendered him very popular with the society, in which he moved, in Newbern N. C. He died early leaving two children Sarah & Henry. By her second marriage with Mr. William Brinkley of Brunswick Co. N. C. she had no children. I must say of Mr. Brinkley that I have never met a man of better principals, or of a more honest heart. I knew him long, and loved him much. In all our dealing, which were many, we always had a good understanding. His honesty was proverbial, as also his social qualities. His wife's children he looked on as his own, and treated them with wonderful care and attention. Nothing that he could do for them to advance their interests or pleasures was left undone. Not often, indeed, do we meet with cases of this noble character; and when we do they should have due credit. Unkindness is the rule, kindness the exception. So much so is this the case, it has become an adage. "As unkind as a step Mother", or "step Father" you frequently hear. With due regard to my high appreciation of the many noble qualities of the Gentle sex, I must say that they more often make bad step parents than does the opposite sex. I must ask pardon of the dear creatures for making this charge tho' it is true. Mr. B. died 1854.

His wife Malvina I must say is a very superior woman. Possessing all the graces of her own sex, with much of the mental activity of the opposite. During her widowhood with an expensive, tho' small family, she so managed her estate as to be able to have all the luxuries she wished, to spend her summers at the springs, educate her children, and pay debts found hanging over the estate. Much more than many men could have done. I may add to this that she has a kind heart, great gentleness of disposition and a suavity of manner that attracts all who come within its influence. She was a dutiful wife, and loving sister and is an affectionate mother, & true friend. To me (my only sister,) she is almost the last link that binds me to the past. Henry Sanders her

Son died at 18 years of age. He studied much at my house, and I can say I have never seen a boy that advanced so rapidly or acquired education so easily. He was at Chapel Hill, and tho' but 16 years of age when he entered soon rose to the first place in his class. His untimely end was a source of great regret, not only to his immediate family who took so much pride in him, but to all who knew him. Had his life been spared he would undoubtedly have taken a high place in his countrys history. I regreted his death as if he had been one of my own. Let us not repine at the dispensations of Providence. However we cannot but regret that one so promising should be cut off so early. Henry was indeed a promising boy. To his high abilities he had added a gentle and kind heart. Honourable in all his associations, and truthful in a remarkable degree. I shall never cease to lament his loss. He died 1858.

Sarah, the other child, tho poss[ess]ing a fine mind is not, I think, equal in mental force to her talented brother; and this is by no means saying any thing against her mental ability. She however possesses in a high degree the graces of her sex and the goodness of her ancestors, and the great qualities of a good wife which I think are inherent in the Jordan family. I have seen much of Sarah at home, at fashionable watering places, and at my own house, and can say that she was charming every where. When "the three cousins" (Sarah, Florence, Victoria) were at the springs together, sometimes in the same set dancing, they were the "observed of all observers" One connected to them might well feel proud of such a charming trio. Acting the character of "charming young lady", for some time at fasionable places, did not contaminate her mind or heart, but left both pure, and capable of rendering the marage state happy, which she now adorns; and is the mother of several fine children. She was born Sept. 12, 1783. .

Her husband, David Stone Cowan, of Wilmington N. C. is descended from one of the best families of state on his fathers side, and his mother is the daughter of Governer Stone who was eminent many years ago in the state. David is a man of force of character, a good husband and a gentleman and one well calculated to get along in the world.

I suppose he has been affected, like the rest of us, by the recent robberies committed on our property by "the best government in the world", and is now poor; but I think he will by his energy rise above the storm by which he is now surrounded, and make a position in the world.

Daniel William Jordan, born June 20, 1810, is the only son of the above Valentine, and is the second child, and mentioned last for the reason that he expects to carry on this little history for some time yet, but only so far as he or his immediate family are concerned, leaving to other branches of the family the chance to take up their particular history where he leaves it off, hoping that the small sketch given may form a starting point which they may avail themselves of. Indeed the family are now becoming so numerous and dispersed over so wide an estent of country, that it is impossible for him to keep up each branch if he had the time to do so. All that he can do hereafter is to continue his own history, and the history of those descended from him, and occasionally, as circumstances may induce it, mention events connected with other branches, keeping up the thread of his own at the same time, so that, if at any future time one of his descendants may wish to trace back their Genealogy they can do so by refering to this Book, which he hopes may be taken care of, as it is the only present history of the race that he knows of, and after his death the link that connects the present with the past will be severed. Indeed much now is lost--he may say almost all--by family carelessness that would be interesting. Many old things that he has heard his Grand Mother speak of when a boy are forgotten--not then making the impression that they would now. She knew people that had lived in the seventeenth century; and could give their history, and did. The history of all the various branches of her own family, and the families of lower N. C. were familiar to her. She had seen the English officials of the eighteenth century. She was acquainted with those who had known them of the seventeenth century. The Pungo [?] Indians were familiar to her. One of her slaves was connected to these Indians and have descendants now in the family. Many interesting circumstances connected with the then most fashionable and important part of the state

are lost forever. Old Bath once the seat of Government, of refinement and wealth and intelligence is now in ruins, and scarcely known by the descendants of those who once made the society there so charming. She in 1750 conversed with old people who had known some of the first settlers of the United States. How interesting a book would be, filled with all the little anecdotes and transactions of those times, to the descendants of those long buried people. The country spoken of, and old Bath also, is now almost a deserted wilderness. This, I suppose is caused, in a great degree, by the unhealthiness which has caused the intelligence, and the wealth to seek a country where they could not only find a fair share of health, but equally as good soil. The first immigration was towards the head waters of Pamlico river. After this, when the western states were opened, they extended their migrations to Tennessee and Kentucky; and are thickly scattered over that fertile region.

I have heard her speak of the exciting scenes about the begining of the revolution when the most prominent people were much agitated about the side they should take in the dangerous future; some of whom adhearing to the crown, and some to the revolutionary party. The fears and forebodings of this interesting period left a deep impression on her mind. Her husband was sent as a delegate to the convention which left her alone to manage the family in the then critical state of affairs. This section of country, being accessible by water, was then harrassed by the English in something of the same manner that it has been in the late war with the Yankees, which made it a dangerous place to live in. However the non combatants got on pretty well as the English were generally led by gentlemen, and not by thieves and robbers. During this struggle the family moved to Pitt County which being further from the coast was more quiet. Here very little of the war was seen tho' they occasionally got rumors which caused uneasiness.

[We are indebted to C. B. Berry for providing us with a copy of the manuscript of Col. Daniel William Jordan's "diary", which he obtained from a descendant, Capt. D. J. Carrison of Camden, S. C., now deceased. Berry's article "Immigration and Settlements of Horry County," which appeared in IRQ, April, 1974, pp. 4-9, refers to Col. Jordan as "a major producer of naval stores in Horry County just prior to the War Between the States." Jordan came here about 1848 from North Carolina and settled at Little River, eventually acquiring 9,940 acres in the area. In 1859 he sold all his holdings to the Nicholas F. Nixon family and purchased Laurel Hill plantation in Georgetown County. Later he moved to Camden, S. C., where he died.--E. R. McIver]

FIGHT SONG

During the 1930's the schoolchildren of Loris sang this song to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

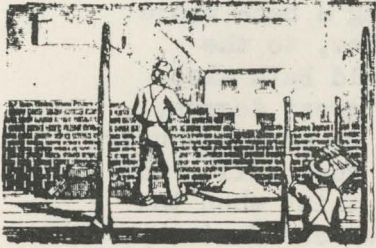
There is a great big county
In eastern South Carolina
And those too ignorant to know better
Think that it is Horrie.

Now, if you still call O'ree Horrie,
You must surely rue it.
For there are those who know what's right
And they'll think you unschoolly.

Refrain

O'ree, O'ree, you're the stuff.
It's O'ree, it's not Horrie.
Mind the H and don't pronounce it.
Horry folks dislike it.

Submitted by Catherine H. Lewis.



H. P. Little, CONTRACTOR, BUILDER AND MANUFACTURER OF BRICK.

DEALER IN

LIME, CEMENT AND BUILDER'S MATERIALS.

CONWAY, S. C.

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THE BRICK MILL

By Ernestine Little

In 1901 H. P. Little bought for \$207 fifty-one acres of land on the Waccamaw River and Thoroughfare Swamp near Toddville and built a brick mill. It was operated for several years providing employment for the neighborhood and adding activity on the river, delivering brick where needed. Nature has reclaimed the land and there is nothing to show it was ever used by man.

Mr. Hal King told me the Cribbs lived on the road to the mill and served meals to many of the workers and this little ditty was noised about:

Little's mill, Carter's street,
Cribb's Hotel and not much to eat.

In 1908 the mill was moved to Conway near 16th Avenue on the railroad. Ola Johnson told me her family lived in sight of the mill and her father worked there. She remembered seeing him fixing his lunch and going to work.

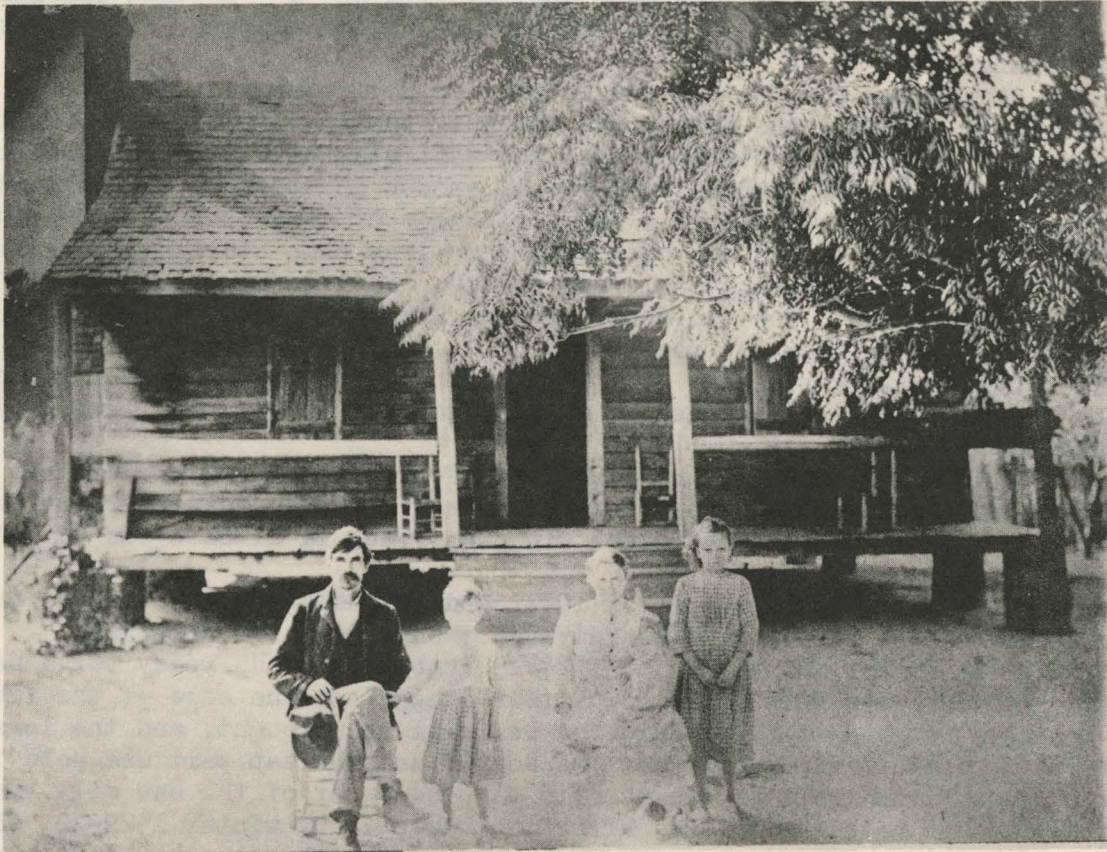
In those days the making of brick was largely manual labor. There was an artesian well that flowed into a pond and a clay hole nearby where men loaded clay on a cart that was pulled by a mule up a track to the brick machine. There the clay was mixed with oil and water and came out of the machine in a long "brick shaped" ribbon. A belt carried it to a gadget shaped like a wheel that rotated and a wire cut the brick into the right size. A man stood on each side of the belt and as the brick came through they were picked up and stacked in criss-cross fashion so that the air could circulate through the stack. They were then carried to an open shed to dry.

After the brick were dry, they were carried to the kiln for burning. The kilns were fired with wood. There were openings on both sides and the wood was put in from both sides. The fire had to be kept very hot. If it was allowed to cool the brick would be ruined. H. P. always spent the nights there when he was burning brick. He wanted to be sure the fire was kept at the necessary heat.

The brick were delivered by a wagon pulled by two mules, later by truck. Labor was paid one dollar a day and brick sold for seventy cents a hundred.

W. P. Little operated the mill for several years after H. P. had retired. It was finally closed down in the late 1930's.

And that, according to my memory, is "the way it was."



Coval C., Charles (boy), Daisy, Belle (baby) and Beulah Housand in front of the old house. The architecture is typical of rural Horry in the last century.

SOME HOUSANDS OF HORRY

By Daisy C. Housand

After the death of my father-in-law, Coval C. Housand, my husband, Charlie C. Housand and I checked through some of his family's business papers. We found several land deeds and a plat dated 1828. This plat is particularly interesting because it shows the location of and size of lands owned by Joseph B., Samuel C. and Anson C. Housen. It also shows that the adjacent properties belonged to John D. Bellamee, Isaac Todd and Mathias V. Todd. The road to Conwayborough bordered some of Samuel's land. This grant was certified by Seth Bellame, D.S., on January 1, 1845.

Another interesting paper is a tax receipt for General Tax, paid by Anson Housend for the year 1824, signed by William Todd, tax collector. A deed shows that Anson bought 200 acres from John Thomas in 1834.

The change of spelling "Housen" to "Housand" remains a mystery. While checking the old family records, deeds and other papers, I find records of my husband's family were always spelled with an "e" instead of an "a". On all my husband's World War I records the name was spelled with "end"--such as Charles Coval Housend. When our son

joined the navy, he went to the Court House in Conway for a copy of his birth certificate and the records showed his name spelled with an "a"--Louthan Charles Housand. In the family Bible his name is recorded Lothan Charles Housend. It is unknown who made the change.

A few days after Charlie and I were married, my father-in-law told me that he was just old enough to carry the salt gourd when his family moved from the south end of the field. It was a short distance from the east side of Buck Creek bridge. Their new house had four rooms, and a front porch, wooden shutters at the windows. Originally there were two chimneys, but a storm blew one of them down. The kitchen was in a separate building. It had one chimney and an iron cook stove. All heating was done with wood. There was a dining table and chairs. Shelves on the wall were for storing dishes and other items. The two-door safe was lined with screen wire. Food, not money, was kept in a kitchen safe in those days.

The water supply was a deep clay well in the yard. Water was hauled by the bucketful, and stored in a bucket placed on a small kitchen table. Oil lamps and lanterns furnished light.

Charlie C. Housend and I were married on February 18, 1923. The next fall we made additions to the house. They were a large kitchen and dining room, pantry and back porch. These additions had glass windows. The old kitchen was no longer needed so it was torn down.

Coval's father died February 17, 1927, and my husband inherited the home place. The remainder of the family land was divided among his three sisters.

During the winter and spring of 1928-29 lumber was made ready for a new house. Pine and cypress trees were sawed down, then dragged to the edge of the field by two mules who were hitched to a log cart. A saw mill was brought, and the logs sawed. The hearts were made into lumber for the house, and the sap part was sold to a lumber company. Money from the sale was used to pay the owner of the saw mill. Charlie's share of the lumber was piled up to dry during the summer. By winter 1929-30, the new house was framed up and covered with cypress shingles. The shingles had been hand drawn from blocks of cypress. The new house had a large front porch, a small back porch, a front door and a back door. The windows were glass and there was a good floor. In the fall of 1930 a two-mule wagon hauled the ceiling material from Conway. Two fireplaces completed the comfortable new home. About 1940 the back porch was removed and a fourteen-foot addition was added. This included a bathroom, storage room and a large room.

After electricity came this room was turned into a workroom. Freezer, washing machine, clothes dryer, a table, and a sink with hot and cold water were the modern improvements. A token of the old days remained, however, because space was reserved for hand quilting quilts. Two were quilted there last spring. We basted the lining in four wood poles, then lay batting on the lining. Finally the quilt top was put in place and basted around the edges. The quilting was done by hand.

My husband, Charlie, died on June 27, 1978, but I still live in the home. Our son, L. C. Housand, who is the fifth generation of the Housend family, his wife Sylvia and daughters Tammy and Dawn occupy a mobile home nearby. The homeplace is L. C.'s by inheritance.

Although farming was the chief occupation of the Housends, some taught school. A certificate dated June 23, 1875, states that Covell C. Housend was hired to teach in the Buck Creek School on the east side of Buck Creek. My father-in-law told me that the schoolhouse stood at a crossroads where Mr. Linwood Cox's garden now is, on the Conway-Pireway road.

My children attended Deep Branch School until it was consolidated with Longs.

C. C. Housend was employed to teach at Bear Bay School. I have documentary proof of that.

When C. C. Housend died, he left behind a good many antique tools. Among them is a grist mill that was turned by hand. He ground corn into grits and meal for his neighbors. A hand sieve was used to sift the meal from out of the grist. There is also a pair of cotton scales, a hand-drawing knife, a cross-cut saw, and plows and planters that were pulled by mules. There are wagon springs that were used on the wagon while hauling things that did not need to be shaken up too much. Although we use modern machinery now, we keep these old tools as precious memories of bygone days. We also have both a hand turned churn and one that was turned by electricity. The cast iron kettle was in use for syrup-making over a half century ago. This kettle was also used for boiling water that was poured into a barrel for scalding hogs when pork was made.

The Housand premises have been occupied by several generations of the same family for over a century and a half. Now my son, L. C. Housand, retired from the armed forces and police force, lives on this cherished farm and cares for the family.

Family Bible Records

America Housen, Born Feb. 7th 1782

Jimsey Housend, born Sept. 1st. 1803

Thomas Housend, born Sept. 11th. 1805

Daniel Housend, born Sept. 20th. 1807

Nancy Housen born Feb. 25th. 1810

Anson Housend born Sept. 20th. 1811

Sharlot Housen, born Feb. 7th. 1814

Elizabeth Housen born Mar. 7th 1817

Samuel Housend born Feb. 28th. 1819

Joseph B. Housend, born Jan. 15th. 1824

Francies Housen Born June 1st. 1832

Mary Ann Housen born Mar. 22nd. 1838

Warsaw Asberry Housend. The son of Anson Housend and his wife Eliza was born Jan 4th. 1841

Samuel C. Housand & Eliza were married March 4th. 1845.

Coval C. Housand and E. L. Sessions were married Oct. 24th. 1878.

Coval C. Housand was born Mar. 17th. 1858; died Feb. 17th. 1927.

Elizabeth S. Housand was born Feb. 13th. 1861; died Dec. 30th. 1945.

The children of Coval C. Housand and Elizabeth S. Housand that grew to adulthood:

Mrs. Beulah Housand Vereen, born Sept. 6th, 1889

Charlie Coval Housand, born Dec. 2, 1893; died June 27, 1978

Mrs. Belle Housand Ward, born June 24, 1897

Mrs. Leila Housand Bellamy, born Oct. 29, 1902

The children of Charlie C. Housand and Daisy Cox Housand:

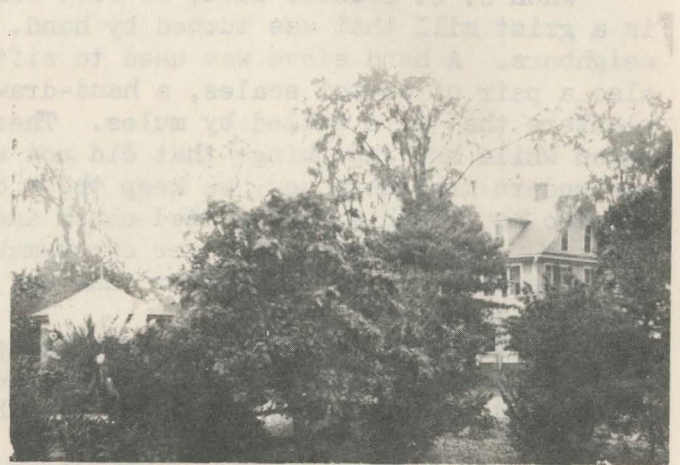
Louthan Charles Housand, born April 28, 1924

Kathryn Housand Hyman, born Jan. 27, 1927

Foy Housand Floyd, born Nov. 15, 1936.

(Right) Charlie and Daisy Housand with their children, Kathryn, Foy and Lothan, on their fiftieth wedding anniversary.





Above is a rear view of Snow Hill from about the location of the cotton gin which shows the roof line of the summerhouse.



Below, the gavel is passed from 1980 President Rupert Gause to 1981 President William H. Long at the January meeting.

The Applewhite Cottage

Anderson Applewhite came from North Carolina and was in charge of the livestock at Snow Hill. Front and side views of his cottage are shown above. Applewhite Lane is named for him.

We are indebted to Franklin G. Burroughs for lending pictures of Snow Hill from his album.

